THE SHARING OF A SECRET: WHAT REALLY HAPPENED WITH DAN SCHORR AND THE PIKE REPORT

The Washington Monthly

APRIL 1976/$1.50

GENTLEMEN-IN-WAITING

The Democratic Shadow Cabinet

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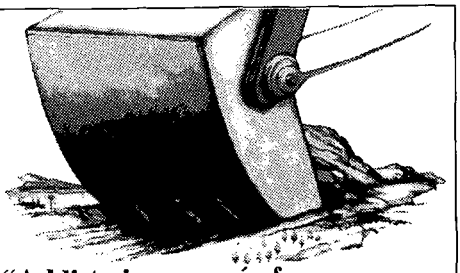

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Letters

A Rare Resignation in Protest: Nat Davis and Angola

It's a shame that Roger Morris' otherwise subtle and interesting analysis of the factors behind Nathaniel Davis' resignation ("A Rare Resignation in Protest: Nat Davis and Angola," February) began with a gratuitous slur on Murrey Marder's integrity as a reporter. If Marder's first report on the Davis resignation was wrong, too bad, but it would not be the first time a good reporter has been successfully lied to by the State Department. To infer from this, as Morris does, that Marder is a representative newspack shill for Henry Kissinger, swallowing whole the feedings of that old artful dodger, is simply nonsense. I have known Marder's work since the days of Joe McCarthy, when he and Phil Potter were almost alone in upholding the integrity of daily American newspaper reporting in a storm of lies, slander and character assassination which most of the American press found it easier to succumb to. Since then, he has always seemed to me one of the finest examples of what A. J. Liebling admiringly called "the careful reporter." It is unjust to award him an iron wreath for making an error. It is not careful reporting to suggest that he is a ready lap dog for official liars.

I hope you will not take this as another illustration of the journalist's hypersensitivity to printed criticism which Tom Bethell discusses in his essay on Barney Collier's book in the same issue. If the Washington media wizards choose to sit for a portrait by Collier and then howl because he has painted them in Picasso style rather than Gainsborough's, we have a familiar tale of vanity outraged by art, which is more than usually amusing this time because the offended class not too long ago still prided itself on its lack of social pretension. Now, alas, we have all moved up to the Republican income level, joined the tennis club, learned to tell a Bordeaux from muscatel and sit for portraits. This is the stuff of Moliere, and it is fair game for needle wielders. If we are going to criticize the work of these people, however, we ought to be at least as careful as the worst of them are about trying to get the facts of their errors right.

RUSSELL BAKER

Russell Baker writes "The Observer" column for The New York Times.

The editor replies:

We agree that Murrey Marder is a highly regarded reporter, but all we said in our article was that he bought a false cover story on the Nat Davis resignation, which he clearly did. Marder's September 1, 1975, story was that "authoritative sources" said that Davis was resigning because he was "plagued by African suspicions that linked him to CIA operations in Chile." Two months later *The New York Times* got it right when it reported that Davis left because of disagreement with our policy in Angola.

The Cigarette Scandal

I read your piece with a great interest ["The Cigarette Scandal," by James Fallows, February]. I think you are wrong.

I do not think there is any medical fact better known to the American public than that cigarette smoking causes an increased risk of lung cancer and may cause or aggravate other diseases. Yet people keep smoking. According to you, more of them are smoking now than when they did not

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know, or know so certainly, the risks involved.

The *Post* has been pretty diligent in warning people of these dangers. In the last five years, we have published about a piece a week, from one-inch fillers to a three-part series, on smoking and health. We have, of course, reported the existence of studies linking smoking and lung cancer. We have reported others purportedly showing connections between smoking and strokes, emphysema, heart attacks, arterial thrombosis, chronic bronchitis, automobile accidents, decreased sexual performance in men, and disease in tomato plants. I find it impossible to believe that there is a single reader of the *Post* who is not aware of the health risks associated with smoking.

I can only conclude that people who smoke, knowing about the increased risk to their health, do so because they want to. Nor can I see a serious public-policy argument for stopping them from doing so. What you say of the expenses associated with the hospitalization of lung-cancer patients is infinitely truer of alcohol; by some estimates half the patients in state mental hospitals are there because of problems associated with alcoholism. The country tried a draconian answer to drinking, and having seen the results, abandoned it.

Once a product is admitted to public sale in this country, I see no reason its producers should not be permitted to advertise in the *Post* or elsewhere. With respect to the *Post*, I feel that our policy should be to allow advertisers as much latitude as possible to say what they want. We should not permit fraudulent advertising, and we do not accept advertising that is grossly offensive to our readers. There is no evidence that cigarette advertising falls into the latter category.

I will cheerfully grant that the general policy just set forward is not always followed here. You have caught us in one example of what seems to me particularly silly behavior. But it is the right general policy not to close our columns to companies who want to persuade people to do something you or I may not want them to do.

KATHARINE GRAHAM
Chairman of the Board
The Washington Post

Commentary runs cigarette advertising, but we also run ads for *The Washington Monthly*, a product which is probably more harmful to the health of those who consume it than cigarettes. Admittedly, more people smoke than read your articles, but to the vigilante mind, it is surely the principle that counts.

NORMAN PODHORETZ
Editor, *Commentary*

I am sure you know that the editorial columns of the *Times* have not been easy on cigarette manufacturers. In fact, we got ourselves into the somewhat difficult position of editorially arguing that the public should be made more aware of the dangers of smoking, while at the same time accepting, without reservation, cigarette advertising. As a result of this, in mid-1969, the *Times* established its own standards for the acceptance of cigarette advertising. We required a warning with respect to the risks of smoking cigarettes, and, in addition, a disclosure of the tar and nicotine content. This outraged the cigarette manufacturers, and, to a one, they withdrew their advertising from the paper. In 1972 the Federal Trade Commission imposed requirements on cigarette advertising in media very similar to the ones that the *Times* had established in 1969.

We, at the *Times*, have frequently considered whether, regardless of the warning required, we should ban all cigarette advertising from the paper. We have concluded that we should not.

It seems to us, particularly in this tendentious time, that the advertising columns of *The New York Times* should be available for any legitimate message that our advertisers wish to deliver. This does not mean that we abrogate our responsibility for good taste or fairness. It does mean, however, that we accept advertising in a wide range of categories, where the message may be in conflict with the editorial opinion of the paper.

JOHN J. MCCABE
Senior Vice President
The New York Times

[MORE] accepts cigarette advertising because the revenue it brings in helps keep the magazine alive. Not profitable, just alive. Do we abdicate our role as "the conscience of the [news] business" (Fallows' flattering phrase) by running such ads? I think not. And I certainly don't think that, in accepting them, we demean ourselves "as certainly as if [we] had sold space to a gang rape club or a Mafia recruiter." Fallows writes that no serious notion of fair play is at issue if we turned them down. I'm not sure I agree at all. But let's stop playing games. Our reason for accepting the ads is purely economic. *The Washington Monthly* clearly has suffi-

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cient financial backing to eschew cigarette advertising. *[MORE]* does not.

RICHARD POLLAK
Editor, *[MORE]*

By our count, cigarette advertising comprises closer to 20 per cent of our advertising pages and 25 per cent of our total advertising revenue. [*The Washington Monthly* had implied closer to 50 per cent.]

I happen not to smoke (like Fallows, I am a marathon runner) and believe smoking is harmful. However, my position on cigarette advertising is a fairly simple one. Cigarette advertising is legal and everyone in this country, except the very young, is aware of the dangers. Therefore, we do accept cigarette advertising.

What interests me about your article is Fallows' personal feeling about cigarette advertising. If he wrote only for *The Washington Monthly*, which carries no cigarette advertising, I would applaud his zeal. But Fallows, who seems concerned with hypocrisy, writes for larger magazines such as *Playboy* and *The New York Times Magazine*, which do carry cigarette advertising. In a sense, he is making his livelihood off cigarette companies. I would suggest that Fallows—given his feelings on the subject—boycott any magazine that accepts cigarette advertising, and stick to *The Washington Monthly*, where he can be as pious as he wants on the subject.

GEORGE A. HIRSCH
Publisher, *New Times*

The author replies:

There are two distinctions I would like to make in replying to these letters. One is between the different kinds of cigarette advertisements; the other, between the different types of free speech.

One sort of cigarette ad is very hard to fault. These are the ads whose purpose is to make people switch brands, not for the sake of switching, but because another brand will do them less harm. Vantage, True, Now, and many others, have been taking this approach. Since many people will certainly continue to smoke, and since choosing these brands will probably prolong their lives, these ads seem to me to be perfectly proper.

But there is a different kind of ad. I use the current Salem campaign as an example. In verdant glens, fresh-faced young men and women are pictured, pack of Salems in hand, saying things like this:

"I don't analyze smoking. I enjoy it."

"I enjoy smoking. I enjoy Salem."

"How come I enjoy smoking and you don't? . . . You'd enjoy smoking, too, if you smoked Salem."

I have chosen these examples because, unlike most, they let the text spell out the message. Their purpose is to convince people to smoke. *You'd enjoy smoking, too, if you smoked Salem.* Naturally, the advertising men say they are just emphasizing brand preference, but along with the switchovers from Camels and Newports, ads like these are designed to bring new people into the fold. A few other examples, from the more subliminal ranges of the advertisers' art:

■Winston has been running a series of beefcake shots of muscular young men with variations on the theme of "The Box." Example: "Winston Box fits more than my pocket. Winston Box fits the way I live." Implication: Buy a box, be a butch. There is also a female version of the ad. Its text reads, "If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke."

■Marlboro says very little in its ads, because the pictures say everything. Weary cowboys light up 'round the campfire; they puff cigarettes as they take hay through the snow to the herd. Cigarettes are tough, for tough men. We may not all aspire to sit tall in the saddle these days, but anxieties about masculinity still make this ad pay off.

■Virginia Slims, with its famous slogan, "You've come a long way, baby," has attempted to make cigarettes as essential a part of the liberated woman's posture as a disdain for household drudgery.

I could go on. A brief glance through a newspaper or magazine would reveal L&M's ads for "The Proud Smoke," or the hearty sportsmen of Tareyton, or the blatant phallic pitch of Max. I think the point is clear, that this type of ad is expressly designed to make more people start smoking (or keep them from quitting).

Norman Podhoretz' letter is a perfect illustration of the second distinction. He may well think that this magazine is the bane of civilized men, but whatever disagreement he has with it is a political disagreement. In deciding to publish our ads, he displays an admirable fidelity to the most hallowed principle of free speech—that the freedom extends to those of different *political* complexions.

Cigarette advertisments are something else again. Politics are involved in the whole question of smoking, but not in the ads themselves. They are commercial ventures, and the objections to them are based not on political disagreements but on grounds of health and safety. Publishers have demonstrated time and again that they recognize no absolute right of free speech when it

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comes to these non-political questions. Patent medicine, condoms, dirty books, and other products adjudged to be in poor taste, are routinely denied the "right" of access to advertising space, even though, as Mrs. Graham puts it, they have been "admitted to public sale in this country." Cigarettes belong in this category.

I respect the desire, expressed by Mrs. Graham, Mr. McCabe, and others, to make their advertising columns as open as possible, but I think that in this case common sense and intellectual precision demand that a line be drawn. Freedom of *political* speech is the heart of the First Amendment, but there is no way in which the republic is strengthened, or its values enhanced, when a child is enticed to smoke. I have yet to hear anyone complain that the right of free speech has been diminished because *The New Yorker*, *Reader's Digest*, and the *Christian Science Monitor* (which I neglected to mention in my article) have refused to run cigarette ads.

I should emphasize once more why I am picking on this perfectly legal product, the cigarette. Even when the many perils of alcohol are taken into account, there is no other legal act which rivals the repugnance and danger of enticing someone to smoke. Moderate amounts of alcohol will do no harm. Moderate amounts of tobacco will. As I emphasized in my article, I don't want the government to outlaw cigarettes. It wouldn't work, and besides, those who deliberately decide to smoke have every right to do so. But most people start smoking not as the result of any rational choice, but because of all the subliminal pitches which the advertising industry has delivered. Then it is hell to quit. That is why the act of enticement, though legal, seems to me unworthy of the protection of free speech. It is also why the cigarette-advertising question seems such a perfect illustration of how the government expands its regulatory powers. In these days of complaint about excessive government meddling, the original reason for the meddling is often overlooked. In most cases, the government stepped in because private organizations were not policing themselves and the public was suffering. Now we see cancer deaths zooming, the rate of teenage smokers at an all-time high, and the publishing industry claiming it's powerless to do anything, because cigarettes are legal. This posture is the quickest way to invite government regulation.

There is, of course, a practical side to these questions. For some magazines and newspapers, cigarette ads make the difference between success and failure. *New Times* was the example I cited. Nearly half of its *four-color* ads are from the tobacco industry. And George Hirsch tells us that they make up 25 per cent of the magazine's total advertising revenue. Faced with a choice between continuing to publish and proudly turning down the ads, the publisher may think that to refuse them would be suicidal moral grandstanding. I admire Richard Pollak's honesty in putting it just that way.

This is a difficult question, which I think requires two responses. One is to recognize that for the largest publications, the question does not apply. The *Post* and the *Times*, *Time* and *Newsweek*, will not stand or fall on their cigarette ads. For them, it is a question of maximizing profits.

For the rest, the ads pose a painful choice. We can assure Richard Pollak that *The Washington Monthly* has had its moments of fiscal peril. If cigarette ads had been offered in those moments, we would have been sorely tempted. The only sensible way to deal with these temptations, it seems to me, is to work together in the industry to develop standards for cigarette advertising. Then publishers could be shamed into refusing the most offensive ads, but could honorably keep their magazines afloat with ads for the safer cigarettes.

These joint efforts are, I think, the only answer. As George Hirsch suggests, individual writers and the publishers of impecunious magazines are equally impotent when they try to act on their own. The publisher knows that if he turns down cigarette ads he will save no lives and only kill his magazine. The individual writer knows that if he boycotts the great majority of magazines all he'll do is put himself out of business, without making any impact on general advertising policies. The best way to have that impact, and also survive, is to try to put our own house in order—taking the kind of self-policing step we are always urging on the miscreants of the legal and medical professions.

I think that many writers, and publishers, too, could agree that one form of cigarette advertising is truly noxious—those designed to get people hooked. By the sensible application of collective power, I am sure we could get this element removed. Individually no one could do this, but cooperatively we can.

The Washington Monthly is willing to help form such a group. Publishers, editors, and writers who are interested in participating should write James Fallows, The Washington Monthly, 1028 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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Dan Schorr: The Secret Sharer

by David Ignatius

It was a nasty business, from beginning to end, and people got hurt. Dan Schorr, a CBS reporter who wanted to fix a spotlight on the CIA, found himself muzzled off the air by his employers. The staff director of the House Intelligence Committee, who wanted to expose the intelligence blunders that had surrounded Henry Kissinger's foreign policy, ended up waiting nervously to be interviewed by House Ethics Committee investigators assigned to track down Schorr's source. The trustees of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, who had helped Schorr find a publisher and agreed to accept the royalties, ended up apologizing for "crimes against journalism" (*The Chicago Tribune*) and "selling secrets" (*The New York Times*), and bickering among themselves over how to divide the blame.

Something had changed in Washington. That much was obvious. The House Intelligence Committee had been established to investigate the illegal, covert operations of the CIA. But by the end, the committee's own security lapses had become the focus of public attention, and it appeared that an official secrets act, far more repressive than anything which had come before, might result. The Democratic Congress, which only months before had been loudly asserting its independence of the White House, was now refusing, on the advice of the President, to sign its name to the report of one of its own committees—and then instructing another committee to investigate the first. It was a comic opera finale to the great era of investigation that had begun in 1973. Now Congress was attacking the Congress, the press attacking the press, the Administration (and those charged with committing illegal acts) gloating, ever so slightly, from the sidelines.

The story of how it all happened, reconstructed from scores of interviews, is a narrative of small details, of conflicts of interest among friends, of elite backstabbing, of ill-considered judgments, of ironies gross and delicate. There have already been a number of partial accounts—too many perhaps—but the story deserves a few words more. For it is a truly dismal chain of events, in which each participant seems to be wearing blinders, hurting those closest to him as he stumbles forward. It is a story in which everyone looks bad—though, as it turns out, Dan Schorr better than most—and it left many people with a queasy sense that the game—whatever game it was that the press, the Con-

David Ignatius is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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gress, and the Administration had been playing since Nixon left the White House—was over.

A year ago, in March 1975, when the game was still fun, many of the principals spent a weekend together at The Homestead in Virginia, attending one of those pleasant, foundation-sponsored conferences where members of the elite meet to discuss common problems. This conference, sponsored by the Ford Foundation and *The Washington Post*, concerned "The Media and the Law." In a preface to a book published later, an observer wrote that the assembled journalists, jurists, lawyers, and government officials "struggled with the most troublesome First Amendment problems, argued, tested the high ground of principle against the erosive force of real world legal and journalistic practice, agreed to disagree, sometimes even agreed, and learned more about each other than most had ever known before."

Fred Graham of CBS was there, along with the other trustees of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. Harry Rosenfeld, national editor of *The Washington Post* was there, with his colleagues Ben Bradlee and Howard Simons. CIA Director William Colby led a group of prominent government officials.

Dan Schorr was there too, and he, perhaps more than any of the other journalists, symbolized the determination to press the First Amendment to its limits. Schorr could be aggressive, almost beyond reason, in pursuing stories about intelligence abuses. Later that year, chasing down a tip about CIA infiltration of the White House, Schorr would persistently question a National Security Council secretary who was at home recovering from major surgery, complicated by hepatitis, until she admitted that she worked for the CIA. (In truth the woman was just a CIA "detailee," working in the White House but paid by another agency for cosmetic budgetary reasons.) Later, Schorr came across Colonel Fletcher Prouty, a man whose experience with the CIA dated from the early 1960s, and put him on the CBS Morning News, where he inaccurately named Alexander Butterfield as a CIA contact in the White House. This kind of reporting on the CIA had led Colby's predecessor, Richard Helms, normally a gentleman, to call Schorr a "cocksucker" at a press conference. Schorr's aggressiveness intimidated even his own colleagues, who sometimes grumbled that CBS reporters had three competitors: NBC, ABC, and Dan Schorr. Yet Schorr was, by most accounts, a dedicated and highly competent reporter. As David Halberstam would note, he was an "old fashioned print journalist —too serious, too subtle, too talented, too aggressive for television."

Joe Califano, of Williams, Connolly & Califano, was at the media conference, too. A year later, he would be acting as Dan Schorr's lawyer, trying to help Schorr beat a contempt of Congress charge and save his job—after Schorr pressed the First Amendment farther than the House of Representatives or his employers deemed appropriate.

The Homestead conferees met for round-table discussions of three case studies, but the most interesting was the first. It described a hypothetical situation: Harlow Mason, an investigative reporter for *The Federal City News*, has come into possession of two documents about the CIA "which he believes highly newsworthy." But the CIA insists privately that publication of the documents would do "irreparable damage to national security." What should Harlow Mason do? Should it make any difference to anyone *how* he obtained his documents? Should he, or his editors, have to consider the effects of publication on the prestige and effectiveness of the intelligence agencies?

The discussion was civilized; there was little real disagreement. The press should do its job, namely, to make public everything it could find out about the government. The government should protect only the secrets

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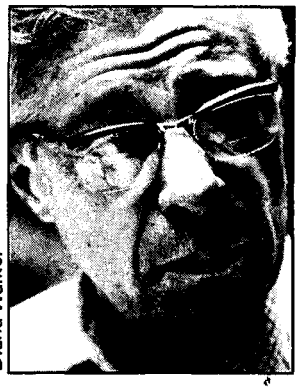
whose exposure would truly jeopardize national security—the sailing orders of the Polaris fleet, for example. Where there were grey areas, editors should intervene and make the hard decision. It was a reasonable discussion among reasonable men. And why not? CIA Director Colby was, at the time, completing his internal investigation of CIA abuses. The congressional committees would soon be examining this material and drafting new legislation to prevent future abuses. The Dan Schorrs would have a role, too: bringing before the public as much information as they could discover. If the Dan Schorrs ever got into trouble on First Amendment questions, the Reporters Committee would be there to defend them. That was the way it seemed a year ago, when the process of exposing and correcting CIA misconduct was beginning. The prospect seemed painful, even risky, to some. But that was what life in a democracy was all about, wasn't it? Suffering the indignities, and the risks, of living in an open society.

Diana Walker

Otis Pike
His committee attacked the abuses of the CIA. House members got nervous and killed his Report.



Diana Walker

Dan Schorr
Someone slipped him a copy of Pike's Report. He wanted it published. He paid the price.

Diana Walker

Fred Graham
Dan Schorr's colleague. The Reporters Committee's trustee. He brought the two together.

The Cutting Edge

In the months after the conference at The Homestead, the House Intelligence Committee became the cutting edge of the drive to expose intelligence agency abuses. Where the Senate Intelligence Committee took a judicious posture, the House committee was a streetfighter. Key committee staffers began to see themselves locked in a struggle with one man—Secretary of State Henry Kissinger—who to them personified the anti-democratic impulse that had gotten America into so much trouble in the past decade. Led by combative Chairman Otis Pike, the House Intelligence Committee disdained "balance"; their job was to attack, attack, attack. The CIA, they reasoned, would not lack defenders in high places.

The most emphatic CIA defender was, in fact, the Secretary of State. Kissinger believed Pike and the others were reckless madmen: he saw them undermining necessary institutions and, perhaps worse, fostering the illusion that a superpower could ever conduct its diplomacy by pristine moral rules.

But Pike persisted. If exposure of illegal or incompetent activities made the continuation of such activities impossible, so much the better; and when Kissinger tried to withhold information from the committee on

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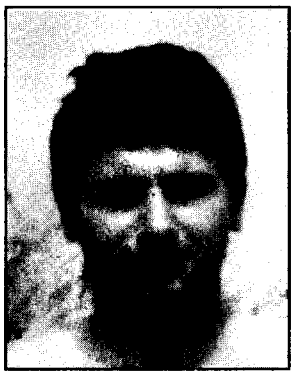
grounds that it would cause grave harm, Pike threatened to cite him for contempt. The committee had no use for Kissinger's arguments about stability and prestige. Such arguments were undemocratic, pure and simple. As one committee staff member observed in the waning days of the investigation, what the Kissingers failed to grasp was that an open, democratic society could *never* use clandestine operations as effectively as a closed, totalitarian one. "We have to get used to the idea that we'll never be as effective as the Soviets," the staff member said. "We have to be willing to take the risk of less than perfect intelligence."

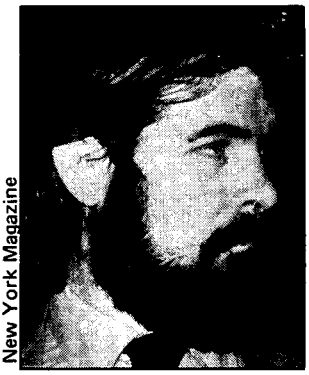
The committee staff drafted its final report in January, and it reflected the streetfighter style. Written in non-bureaucratic prose (one person who read the first draft called it "anecdotal, one-sided, over-dramatized and childishly written"), the report chronicled every devious move of the present Secretary of State, and every intelligence-gathering failure of the CIA. Here were all the embarrassing moments: Tet, Czechoslovakia, Portugal, Iraq, Cyprus, and Italy; and a record of Kissinger's attempts to suppress the truth about them. In mid-January the first draft was submitted to the executive branch; or more precisely, to Mitch Rogovin, an Arnold and Porter lawyer who had been retained by the CIA and was acting as chief contact between the agency and the committee. Rogovin parceled out the draft to the State Department and the CIA for comment, collected the comments, and passed them back to the committee.

In its second draft, the committee made some of the requested changes. Unlike the first, however, this one was not sent out for executive branch comments. Instead, it was given to the committee members for final approval. For the staff, it was the culmination of months of exhausting work. During the final drafting process, staff members had been up late most nights, typing in the office or at home, catching a few hours of sleep when they could. On Friday, January 23, the committee voted 9 to 4 to approve the report for publication.

Up to this point, reporters had been unable to wheedle much of the report out of the Pike committee. The members and staff had been guarded. Now, after the committee vote, everybody relaxed. The report was going to come out; it would soon be on the



Peter Tufo
A New York attorney.
He tried to help Dan Schorr.
He helped Clay Felker more.



New York Magazine

Aaron Latham
Felker's star writer. He wrote the intro to the Pike Papers after Schorr decided to keep mum.

New York Magazine

Clay Felker
The big winner. He published the hot item in *The Village Voice*. Hooray for Clay Felker.

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way to the printer.

Any reporter who had been following the committee carefully would have known that it would now be considerably easier to lay hands on a copy of the report than it had been before. And over the weekend of January 23-24, two reporters did get access to the second draft. One was John Crewdson of *The New York Times*. The other was Dan Schorr of CBS. Schorr made a Xerox copy of the report before returning it, doubtlessly hoping to stretch out his scoop, doing a story a day until the report was actually published. For a long time, no one knew what Crewdson had done with his copy.

The Big Leak

In several weeks the hunt for the source of Schorr's copy would begin. The nearly universal assumption within the Washington press corps would be that Schorr's source had been A. Searle Field, the committee staff director. Indeed, it would be said that when Schorr admitted giving the report to *The Village Voice*, he came dangerously close to pinpointing his source, since it was widely known that Schorr and Field had been friendly since the Watergate days, when Field worked for Senator Lowell Weicker and Schorr covered the Watergate Committee. Field may indeed have aided Schorr's attempts to get the report. But there was informed speculation that the actual leaker was not Field, but the administrative assistant of one of the committee members. At this writing, the House Ethics Committee has appropriated $350,000 towards its effort to identify Schorr's source, and the matter seems best left to them.

Wherever he got it, Schorr had his copy, and he used it for the first time on the night of Sunday, January 25. He choose to open with one especially juicy item—a memorandum detailing Senator Henry Jackson's efforts to protect former CIA Director Richard Helms from a Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing into possible perjury by Helms in earlier testimony on the CIA's role in Chile. Schorr showed on the television screen the actual memo describing Jackson's role.

The Administration was jolted by Schorr's Sunday night story. Not only was the report supposedly still secret, but the memo in question seemed to have been smuggled out of a room at the CIA headquarters in Langley, where Pike's staff had been allowed to read and make notes on documents undisturbed. Apparently the memo had been purloined—carried out in a pocketbook—by somebody on the committee staff who might have wanted to make political trouble for Senator Jackson. Angry at the disclosure, and the apparent larceny, the Administration increased its efforts to have the Pike report withheld from publication until it could be fully reviewed by the White House.

Schorr himself hadn't purloined any documents, and he had a good scoop, an exclusive. He prepared a second story for the Monday CBS Morning News, this time showing the cover of the Report. But the exclusive was short-lived. That same morning, *The New York Times* ran Crewdson's comprehensive account of the highlights of the Report. Schorr must have assumed, regretfully, that the *Times*, too, had a copy.

Laurence Stern, *The Washington Post* reporter covering the Pike Committee, was considerably more upset than Schorr. Stern had just returned to the *Post* after a leave of absence. Although he was one of the most respected reporters on intelligence matters, Stern had been having difficulty establishing good sources on the House committee beat—so much so that he asked George Lardner, another *Post* reporter who had been covering intelligence, to help him make contacts. But top staff members, including Searle Field, had been unwilling to discuss the Report, even on "background." Now two journalistic rivals seemed to have their own

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copies. Stern protested this favoritism to the committee staff.

Suppression of the Report

The leaks from the Report were paradoxically, helpful to the Administration in its effort to delay release. Ever since the assassination of CIA agent Richard Welch, following publication of his name by the American magazine *Counter-Spy*, observers could not help but feel uneasy about the effects of press disclosure of intelligence information. Leaks seemed to be killing CIA agents—and there developed a subtle shift of public opinion on the disclosure question. (The public's anger at *Counter-Spy* was to some extent misplaced, as James Fallows explains in another article in this issue.) As always, the House was an accurate barometer of public sentiment, and as the January 29 House vote on final publication of the report approached, the "safe" political position for an incumbent facing reelection appeared to be against disclosure. On January 28, the day before the vote, Schorr reported the House situation on the Cronkite show, displaying his copy of the Report and saying that the document he was holding in his hand might never be published.

The next day the House voted 246 to 124 to suppress the Pike Report pending White House clearance. Pike was suddenly the martyr, a role he rather liked after so many months of appearing as a combative bully. Schorr, meanwhile, continued to report on the committee, and in the days immediately after the vote, he must have felt somewhat peculiar, making his rounds in the Rayburn Building. Since all congressional copies of the Report had been impounded, any committee staffer who wanted to see what he had written would have had to ask Dan Schorr. The irony was not lost on the staff, several of whom jocularly told Schorr that the Report would never come out unless Dan Schorr released it.

Any other journalist who wanted a copy would also have had to come to Schorr—and that was just what Harry Rosenfeld, national editor of *The Washington Post*, did on the night of January 29, just after the House voted against publication. The two met at a reception at the Shoreham Hotel given by visiting Israeli Prime Minister Rabin. As Schorr was leaving the party, Rosenfeld approached him. "I'd like to get a copy of that report," Rosenfeld said. Schorr, who knew that most of the big stories in the Report were already out, asked Rosenfeld why he wanted it. Rosenfeld said that the *Post* had experts who could go over the document in detail and analyze its findings. Schorr offered to write a series of articles himself. Rosenfeld said no, that the *Post* wanted to assign its own reporters. Schorr said he would think about it.

The next morning, Rosenfeld called Schorr and said that *Post* executive editor Ben Bradlee had told him to withdraw the request, on grounds that the *Post* would not be willing to give CBS a similar document if the situation were reversed. Rosenfeld said he thought Bradlee was wrong, but that those were his orders.

Rosenfeld's keen interest might have been motivated by a fear that *The New York Times* had a full copy and was working up analysis stories of its own. But in the days after the January 29 vote, the *Times* was mum. Schorr must have begun to wonder whether he *was*, in fact, the sole possessor of the Pike Report and begun wondering, too, whether he had a responsibility to see that somebody published it in full.

On Tuesday, February 3, Schorr's suspicion that he was the sole possessor was confirmed by a call from William Safire, *The New York Times* columnist and former Nixon speechwriter. Safire, still carrying the special resentment of Henry Kissinger peculiar to those who worked in the Nixon White House, said that he was doing a piece on Kissinger's dealings with the Kurdish rebels in Iraq. (This was

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perhaps the most damaging material about Kissinger in the Report.) Would Schorr be willing to let Safire have the chapter on the Kurds? Schorr was startled. Doesn't the *Times* have a copy? he asked. Apparently not, Safire said. He had made inquiries at the *Times*, and Crewdson, it seemed, had only made notes.

Schorr's Decision to Publish

Dan Schorr was in a bind. CBS had already used most of the hot items in the Pike Report. The network had gotten its scoops, and if there was anything in the Report damaging to national security, it had already come out. But the document itself was being kept from the public by a decision of Congress. It was one of those bizarre situations, all too frequent of late, where despite the wide dissemination of a set of facts, formal admission of them—in the form of a book, sitting on library shelves where it could be thumbed through by any citizen—was deemed harmful to the national interest. It was an appalling situation, and Schorr wanted to get the document out, with an introduction, setting forth the background of Pike's investigation and explaining the national security issues implicit in the text.

But Schorr's situation had so many ambiguities. Was a decision of Congress to withhold a document binding on a reporter who had prior access to it? Would its publication add to the perception abroad that journalists were running the country, and thus hamper our diplomatic relations, as Kissinger claimed? Or would it instead encourage an invigorating debate on the role of intelligence in a democracy? If Schorr made the Report public, he could be accused of flaunting the will of Congress. But if he joined in the suppression, he might be violating the ethics of his profession.

Schorr did not want to make the decision alone. He called his friend Alan Barth, a former editorial writer at the *Post* and a sensitive student of First Amendment issues. He told Barth that he felt some responsibility to make the Report available, but that he would do it only if he could find some way where there would be no profit for him. Barth said he would think about it.

The next day, Barth called back. "You have to do it," he said. But he expressed anxiety about several points: What about the potential contempt of Congress problem? What about the source? What would CBS do? Barth said that if Schorr was willing to face the problems that would surely arise, he should release the Report. (When asked whether his name could be used on the record for this account, Barth considered the question for some time and then responded simply: "I want my name to be associated with Dan Schorr.")

Schorr, with Barth's help, had made his decision. He would see that the Report got out. But how? The obvious course of action was to get a CBS subsidiary to publish it, so that any monetary gain or notoriety would go to CBS, much as it already had from Schorr's use of the Report on CBS News.

The question of what discussions Schorr had about this with CBS is a touchy subject. Richard Salant, CBS News president, has refused to comment on reports that he talked personally with Schorr about possible publication through a CBS subsidiary. Some basic facts can be inferred: Publication by the principal CBS-owned publishing house, Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, was impossible. Holt, Rinehart produces hardback books and couldn't possibly do a quickie paperback of the sort Schorr wanted. But the other CBS publishing subsidiary, Popular Library, could—in fact, it would have been able to produce a Pike Report quickie in about ten days. Pat O'Connor, the editor of Popular Library, has refused to comment on whether such a quickie was ever discussed, reflecting an order from CBS management not to discuss any aspect of the Schorr affair with reporters.

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But several sources have confirmed that there were such discussions, and that CBS executives decided against any Popular Library involvement.

The Reporters Committee

Closed out of in-house publication, Schorr had to make other arrangements. He turned first to his colleague Fred Graham, CBS's Supreme Court reporter. In his spare time, Graham served as a trustee of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, the Washington group specializing in First Amendment problems. As a brochure said of the committee's work: "The Reporters Committee Fights Back. . . .[It] believes that every major challenge to press freedom requires an early and effective response on the part of the working press."

In many respects the Reporters Committee was a stepchild of the Nixon years. Created in 1970, when the Mitchell Justice Department was attempting to subpoena reporters' notes and jail those who refused to supply them, the committee had survived into the new, post-Nixon era, when reporters were triumphant culture heroes and government officials were in ragged retreat. The committee was also something of a pet project of CBS. In addition to Graham, Walter Cronkite was on the steering committee. And CBS itself had been the largest contributor, giving $50,000 in 1975, more than double the amount of the next largest contributor. As if to stress how seriously the network took First Amendment rights, CBS President Arthur Taylor, warning of "cumulative erosion of press freedom," had pledged in May 1975 to help organize a $2-million fund-raising drive for the committee.

So, in going to the Reporters Committee, Schorr had prudently chosen the boss's favorite charity. He explained the situation to Graham: he wanted the Report published as a quickie paperback, the way the Pentagon Papers were, with an introduction. It would be, in effect, The Pike Papers—the Dan Schorr Edition. But he needed help. Since publication was a First Amendment fight, he wanted any proceeds of the book sale to go to the Reporters Committee, where they could be used to help other reporters. Would the trustees agree to accept the money and vouch for Schorr's statement in the introduction of the book that he was turning over the money to charity? Graham said he would poll the trustees.

In the hours after Schorr's first discussion with Fred Graham, the telephones began ringing in a number of newspaper, legal, and foundation offices, as the small net of people with an intense interest in intelligence affairs began to hear that Dan Schorr wanted to unload the hot document.

John Marks, a former foreign service officer who had gone to work for the leftish Center for National Security Studies exposing CIA misdeeds, had learned that Schorr wanted to release the Report. Marks told this to his friend Robert Borosage, the Center's young director. Borosage then called his friend Chuck Morgan, director of the Washington office of the American Civil Liberties Union, and said that although Schorr apparently didn't want the Center's help (the group was too much identified as an antagonist of the CIA), he might be willing to release the Report through the ACLU. Morgan then called his friend Dan Schorr, saying that the ACLU would like to be helpful in any way it could. Somewhat taken aback, Schorr said that while he was grateful for the ACLU's interest, he didn't want publication to be an ACLU project. It was a reporters' thing, Schorr said, and he had already contacted the Reporters Committee.

Meaning to be helpful, Morgan then called his friend Jack Nelson, Washington bureau chief of *The Los Angeles Times* and told him that Schorr had the Report. The *Times* might be able to get a copy, Morgan said, if it were willing to print the full text. Nelson was interested, and made inquiries with his editors in Los

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Angeles. Word came back that the *Times* wanted the Report but would insist on using "editorial discretion" in choosing what to print. Having already decided against piecemeal publication, Schorr turned the offer down.

(It would later be said that this windmill telephoning had made identification of Schorr as the *Voice*'s source inevitable.)

Fred Graham was the person on whom Schorr was actually depending, and Graham reported back that the Reporters Committee trustees had unanimously approved the arrangement. Just what that arrangement was is still a matter of dispute within the Reporters Committee. Several of the trustees believed that the group was to play a merely "passive" role—receiving, and publicly acknowledging, a contribution from Schorr in the amount he received from a publisher. But the committee, or at least one of its trustees, gave a more active sort of help: Fred Graham supplied Schorr with the name of a New York lawyer who knew the publishing world.

The New York Intermediary

The New York lawyer was named Peter Tufo, and his role in the story is intriguing. Tufo was a personal friend of Fred Graham (they had known each other for ten years) and Graham's personal lawyer. When a desperate Spiro Agnew threatened, in the final days of his Vice Presidency, to subpoena some of Graham's notes on the Agnew case, Tufo immediately flew to Washington. By most accounts, Tufo was a charming, intelligent man, who had left his Midwestern background far behind and made it big in New York, winning the trust of the New York business and political elite. He was also making his way in cafe society, photographed often by *Women's Wear Daily* escorting Jackie Kennedy's sister Lee Radziwill to the movies, to society dances, and the like. (*Women's Wear Daily* called him a "walker"—their gossip term for someone who escorts prominent socialites about town.)

Finally, and most important, Tufo was a friend of Clay Felker, editor of *New York* and *The Village Voice*. Tufo was also a director of the parent company which owned the two publications. It appears to have been an extraordinary, multiple conflict of interest.

The question of whom Tufo was representing would later cause enormous confusion. Tufo now says he thought he was representing the Reporters Committee. The Reporters Committee now says he was representing Schorr. He may in fact have helped Felker most. But at the outset, he was probably just doing a favor for his friend Fred Graham.

Schorr explained to Tufo that he wanted to have the report published quickly, with an introduction. He thought by this point that he had the only copy, but he was uncertain enough to warn Tufo not to contact Quadrangle, *The New York Times*' book company, on the chance that Crewdson *did* have a copy which he might then release. Schorr was still thinking like a journalist. Beyond his basic conviction that the Report should be released, Schorr wanted to release it *first*. But Quadrangle was an unlikely bet anyway; there were only two houses specializing in quickie paperbacks, Bantam and Dell.

On Wednesday, February 4, Tufo called Oscar Dystel, publisher of Bantam Books. Dystel returned the call the next day, and Tufo outlined the proposal—in imprecise terms, but clear enough that Dystel understood what was being offered. Dystel said that Bantam, which had published the Pentagon Papers, would be interested, but would probably want to publish in a joint venture with a newspaper like the *Post* or the *Times*. "We would want to talk about this with a partner," Dystel said. Dystel expected to see a copy of the Report the next day, but when Tufo relayed the conversation, Schorr balked at the "joint venture" aspect. He was apparently

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afraid that such a relationship would disturb CBS. (Meanwhile, Schorr's business agent, Richard Leibner, was also making calls to Bantam and Dell.)

Tufo called Schorr Thursday night, February 5, with an important message. He was getting nowhere with book publishers. "But I do have one firm offer," he said, "Clay Felker." Tufo did not say which of Felker's publications was the potential publisher (although that could easily have been inferred: it would be impossible for a magazine like *New York* to publish the entire report in one issue). Tufo did not mention his business relationship and friendship with Felker, either. He just said that Felker was willing to publish the full text, and that he would make a "substantial" contribution to the Reporters Committee.

Schorr groaned: "Oh, no... I've got to think about that. It's just too awful." And it was. For if there was one publisher Dan Schorr would *not* have wanted to entrust with the Pike Report, introduced by Dan Schorr, it was Clay Felker. In May 1975 Felker had published a very critical piece on Schorr in the *Voice*, written by Ann Pincus, a Washington free-lance and the wife of *Washington Post* reporter Walter Pincus. The next month, Felker published another Schorr profile, which Schorr also disliked, in *New York*. Schorr had been stung, especially by the *Voice* piece. His reaction when it first came out, a friend recalled, was "hysterical," and he threatened to sue for libel. Months later, he still refused to talk to the author, Ann Pincus, even when the two found themselves together in Aspen during the summer of 1975. Pincus had questioned Schorr's professionalism, and that, to Schorr, was unforgivable. Moreover, the *Voice* had been critical of CBS in recent months (so much so that CBS people were joking that Felker had a secret alliance with NBC), and Schorr was enough of a company man to be offended by that, too.

The prospect of publication in the *Voice* had obviously agitated Schorr. "Think about it," Tufo said. "But the offer is valid only until tomorrow. Felker has to have the document tomorrow afternoon."

Such an ultimatum was typical of Felker, dubbed "New York's Budding Beaverbrook" by *[MORE]* in 1975. One young writer would recall that Felker had used a similar hurry-up style in offering him a job as an editor—saying in one machine-gun sentence: "You wanna job? Whad'dya make? I'll pay'ya more!" But in this case, Felker had a special reason for hustling a potential contributor. His first national issue of *The Village Voice*, planned for months, was coming out the next week. With the Pike Papers stuffed inside, it would probably sell out nationwide, attracting notoriety and new revenues for the financially ailing paper.

Schorr's Mistake

Schorr must have felt wretched. Here he had embarked on a First Amendment crusade, but the one firm offer of publication had come from a publication he had reason to dislike. What was more, he had only 24 hours to make a decision. In a sense, he had no choice: he would give Felker the Pike Report, fulfilling the promise he had made to himself. But he would do no more. Somebody else would have to write the introduction. And, to spare himself personal embarrassment, Schorr would ask that his role in the transaction be kept quiet.

In this sudden change of plans, Schorr made his only major mistake in the Pike Papers affair. He had, commendably, wanted to take credit for releasing the Report, and to help explain its meaning to the public. But now, apparently, recalling past indignities—and thinking more about the form of publication than about content—he was asking for anonymity. Dan Schorr, more than most, should have learned to be thick-skinned about such criticism as he had received in Felker's publications. He

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hadn't, and he would pay a severe price. For it seems clear, with hindsight, that open publication, with Dan Schorr's by-line on the introduction, would have spared Schorr most of his later problems with Congress, the Reporters Committee, and CBS.

(There is one other plausible speculation: that Schorr had last-minute source problems of his own. It is conceivable that whoever had given Schorr the Report in the first place learned that he was about to release it and insisted that Schorr provide a buffer of protection by not identifying himself in any way with publication. This explanation—it could not be confirmed—would place Schorr's behavior in a more favorable light.)

Schorr called Tufo Friday morning and told him that Felker could have the Report but would have to write his own introduction. The Report would be waiting at Schorr's house in Cleveland Park. Tufo called Oscar Dystel at Bantam and told him that the Report had "gone elsewhere." And then, on Friday afternoon, Tufo left New York for the weekend.

The last-minute transformation of the project into a surreptitious, hushed-up deal would prove ruinous for Dan Schorr. But if anything, it increased the sex appeal of Felker's big scoop.

Felker wanted to get his hands on the Report immediately, so he dispatched his secretary, who took the air shuttle down and back, picking up the document from Schorr's housekeeper. (The secretary would later have a bitter argument with her husband about whether she did the right thing in helping transmit the document.)

Felker had chosen Aaron Latham to write the introduction. Latham was a careful reporter, who had made a name at *The Washington Post* before coming to *New York*. Under Felker's tutelage, he had become a master of the "reconstruction" story—recreating in loving detail the events of Nixon's Saturday Night Massacre, for example, and two years later, recreating in similar fashion Ford's firing of James Schlesinger and William Colby. Meticulous in his writing and attentive to his editor's advice, Latham was Clay Felker's star. "Clay had a crush on Aaron," observed Sally Quinn, who had reason to dislike them both after Latham wrote a savage profile of Quinn for *New York*. ("I can have any penis I want," was one memorable, but according to Quinn, innaccurately quoted, line.) Quinn's comments may have been excessive, but Latham *was* close to Felker, and the ideal trusted aide to execute the Pike Papers project.

Operation Swordfish

When Latham walked into the *New York* offices that Friday afternoon, Felker took him aside. "We have a Pentagon Papers situation here," he said. He gave Latham the Report and asked him to make three copies: one for Felker, one for the typesetters, one for Latham to use in preparing his introduction. The operation, codenamed "Swordfish" by Felker, would soon be moved to a secret headquarters at the offices of the *Voice*'s typesetters, Sterling Graphics. But that afternoon Latham had to copy the entire 338-page draft in the crowded *New York* office. Felker, it seemed, had forbidden partitions, on the theory that people performed better with other people looking over their shoulders. Latham had to tell passers-by that he had written a novel.

The exact form which publication would take was still in question. The Report would be inserted in *The Village Voice*—that much was fairly clear. But there had been discussion with Schorr about the publication of a special 64-page "one-shot"—a copy of the Report which could be sold with the *Voice* and sold separately, too. On Friday afternoon, Felker discussed the "one-shot" with Latham, *New York* editorial director Shelly Zalaznick, the circulation director, and the distributor. The discussion was inconclusive. There were some jokes about the risks

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everybody was taking. Felker hypothesized his own arrest: "I'm going to go down screaming—'You never got the higher-ups. You never got Kay Graham.'" Latham went home to 72nd Street to read his copy.

By Saturday Latham was the only one who had read the report through, and he was distressed. He had been looking for the major news story, the new scandal, the scoop, which the *Voice* could banner. But (as Schorr could have told him) all the headlines had already been printed. Latham was also worried that other publications might be preparing to run verbatim excerpts of their own. He called a friend on the Pike Committee, who confirmed that most of the findings—perhaps 70 per cent—had indeed already been reported. But the staff member also made it clear that the Schorr copy, now in possession of Clay Felker, was probably the only one extant.

"Once I realized that not everyone had it, I knew we were on to something," Latham would recall. The laws of supply and demand, not the Report's contents, made the document valuable. It was suppressed—therefore a hot property. Latham realized that the headline would have to be, in effect, "The Village Voice Publishes Pike Report." That was the news—the act of publication.

On Sunday morning, on his way to get a cup of coffee, Latham met Shelly Zalaznick, who was on his way to the Sterling Graphics office. Latham explained his worry that there was not much sensational news in the Report. The two agreed, tentatively, that the one-shot (which had been Dan Schorr's last hope for respectable publication of the full text) was a loser. Later that day, Felker agreed. The Report would come out, in abbreviated form, as a 24-page insert in the regular edition of the *Voice*, folded into the usual jumble of *Voice* ads for massage parlors and dirty movies. There was some discussion about raising the price for this issue. Felker decided that there had already been so many price rises (the newsstand price had increased from 25 to 35 to 50 cents during Felker's short tenure) that regular *Voice* readers would get angry.

Latham stayed up all night Sunday writing the introduction. Meanwhile, the report was being typeset, with the slug "Swordfish," and proofread. There was also some editing to be done, since even in agate type, the Report would never fit into the 24-page format. Part I, detailing the Pike Committee's frustrations in trying to get information from Henry Kissinger, was dropped entirely on the grounds that it was "boring." (It would be published the next week after requests from reporters and others.) In addition, about two thirds of the footnotes in Part II were cut—with the editors trying to preserve only those quoting classified CIA or State Department cables. "The rest were really boilerplate," Latham recalled. (Pike Committee staff members, however, would be despondent when they read the *Voice* edition and saw the cuts, since they felt that much of their case was developed in the careful documentation of the footnotes.)

By Tuesday, the *Voice*'s presses were rolling. The next day, Wednesday, February 11, the *Voice* was heading toward newsstands across the country. It was a gala premier for Felker's first national issue—with a New York *Daily News*-style full-cover headline in red type: "The CIA Report the President Doesn't Want You to Read." And Clay Felker had it. William Safire (among others) called to congratulate him.

Meanwhile, in Washington, all hell was breaking loose. It was suddenly gangland war among the journalists, friends, and friends of friends who had hovered around the project. What was the Report doing in the *Voice*? And where was Dan Schorr's introduction? Was he even the source?

Laurence Stern of *The Washington Post* knew that there was a story here. Conversations with people who had knowledge of the matter led Stern to

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suspect strongly that Schorr was the source. Harry Rosenfeld could confirm that Schorr had had a copy. But it was difficult to confirm that Schorr had made it available to Felker. (The *Post*'s Bob Woodward called his friend Latham that Wednesday afternoon and asked who the *Voice*'s source was. Latham said he would divulge the name if Woodward would tell him who "Deep Throat" was.)

A League of Frightened Men

After making some calls, Stern contacted Dan Schorr, and there ensued an extraordinary cat-and-mouse conversation, weaving back and forth, on and off the record. Stern, who felt that Schorr wanted "plausible deniability" on the record, made it as clear as he could "without being insulting" that he knew Schorr had given the *Voice* its copy. Schorr insisted on the record that he was not the source, but explained off the record some of what had happened. The line between off and on became blurred, and Schorr felt he had been betrayed the next morning when Stern's story on the "Journalistic Morality Play" appeared, naming Schorr as the source.

Stern's motivations for writing the story bear examination. Rightly or wrongly, reporters usually avoid naming sources--their own or other people's. Stern had broken the unwritten rule in this case. Some would later question whether Stern's resentment at failing to get the Report himself when two other colleagues had it might have been a subtle motivation. But those who knew Stern found this implausible. "Stern is one of the few reporters who doesn't have a vindictive streak," Leslie Gelb of the *Times* observed. "It took courage for him to break the usual taboo on writing about other reporters." Stern himself would later explain that he had *first* learned about the story almost by accident and that he felt he had a responsibility to publish the information he had accumulated. He reasoned that "when the press gets involved in clammy affairs, we've got to be ready to report on them."

The recriminations were already beginning at the Reporters Committee, whose trustees were seeing the project to which they had devoted hundreds of hours of spare time ensnarled in controversy over exchange of a classified document for money. They were angry: most of all at Dan Schorr, whose decision not to take credit in the *Voice* had given the whole arrangement a clandestine, guilty-handed aura.

On Thursday, February 12, Dan Schorr issued a statement admitting he had provided the Report to the *Voice* and denouncing the Reporters Committee for "leaks." The situation began to get vicious. Trustee Bob Maynard, a *Post* editorial writer, retorted that Schorr was "trying to make us a partner in his calumny." Trustee Jack Nelson told a reporter that Schorr was "just a no-good shit trying to transfer blame to the committee in case his source gets burned." Steering Committee member Ken Auchincloss, managing editor of *Newsweek*, resigned from the committee in protest. Old friendships exploded that Thursday, as reporters began telling tales on other reporters—to reporters covering the story of the story.

The Reporters Committee trustees were feeling more chagrined than they needed to, and their sense of being caught unwittingly in the act of something sly, involving money, led them to suppress much of the true story of their dealings with Schorr. But there was another reason for their anxiety and obfuscation. One of the trustees, Fred Graham, was deeply involved in the publication arrangement. It was already clear that Schorr was in trouble at CBS (he would soon be taken off the intelligence beat, then suspended altogether from reporting), and the trustees hoped that by separating the Reporters Committee from Schorr, they could help protect Graham. A lawyer himself, Graham refused repeatedly to discuss any facet

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of the story with reporters—saying that he was "deferring to the wishes of the lawyers" and that "we've got to protect ourselves now."

Meanwhile, as the journalists were behaving like a league of frightened men, others in Washington moved to take what advantage they could from the disclosure. President Ford offered "the full resources and services of the executive branch" to track down the person who had leaked the document to Schorr. Secretary of State Kissinger, in what was described as "an unusually hoarse and tense voice," told a press conference that the Schorr leak was "a new version of McCarthyism," which had "done damage to the foreign policy of the United States" in some way that he was too mortified to explain to the churls of the press. On Capitol Hill, House Intelligence Committee chairman Pike and staff director Field opined that they suspected the leak had come from the *executive branch*, as part of an effort to discredit the committee. Field would later explain, "You're dealing here with propaganda experts, whose stock-in-trade is to turn issues to their advantage." The counter-culture magazine, *Crawdaddy*, assuming that Field *must* be right (after all. . . who had benefited?), immediately assigned a reporter to expose the conspiracy. Rep. Samuel Stratton, in the meantime, introduced a successful resolution to investigate whether Dan Schorr should be held in contempt of Congress.

Ironies Gross and Delicate

As Larry Stern would later observe, "Evelyn Waugh, at his bitterest, could not have written a more depressing story." Schorr—deserted by most of his colleagues, threatened with a contempt citation, in danger of losing his job—was the only one who seemed to have a clear understanding of what had happened. He had done what he felt he had to and he was paying the price.

The gross irony of the matter was that Schorr's victimization came not at the hands of the government, but from the world in which he lived, worked, went to parties. His problems were, for the most part, created by his friends—other journalists, other liberals, others who shared his anger at the CIA. These people surrounded Schorr as soon as it was known that he had the hot item, wanting to make themselves useful, offering help, reinforcement—and then calling up other friends to chat about the matter. As the papers made their way across the spider web of the journalistic/social elite of Washington and New York, a little of Dan Schorr stuck at each point of contact, and finally he was caught.

Schorr himself was a part of this spider-web world, and it must be said that he played a major role in his own entrapment. For when he let an old resentment against Clay Felker and *The Village Voice* overrule his proper instinct to release the Pike Report openly, he plunged himself into the very world of secrecy, backstabbing, and betrayal which he had spent his career exposing.

The delicate irony was that Schorr's personal act of conscience seemed to have gone in vain. He had believed that release of the document would stimulate public discussion of the role of intelligence in a democracy, but he was in error. In the days after the Report was published there was not a single major analysis of its contents. There was no great debate over intelligence; no spontaneous court of public opinion; no apparent need, or even desire, to know—no sign whatsoever, in fact, of the vibrant democratic consciousness that journalists like to invoke when ferreting out secrets.

Instead, the public seemed to be angry at Dan Schorr and desirous to protect the fragile institutions of government from the assaults of people like him—people who, in the public mind, were weakening the country, exposing its foreign agents to assassination, divulging its secrets.

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This reaction was especially unfortunate in the case of the Pike Report, which provided citizens with genuinely useful information. Unlike earlier examinations of the CIA, this was not a collection of sensational revelations and blown covers. It was, instead, an attempt to analyze the consistently poor performance of our intelligence network abroad. The goal of the Report was, ultimately, to strengthen the CIA, not weaken it, and it provided the kind of facts about intelligence that informed citizens *do* need to know.

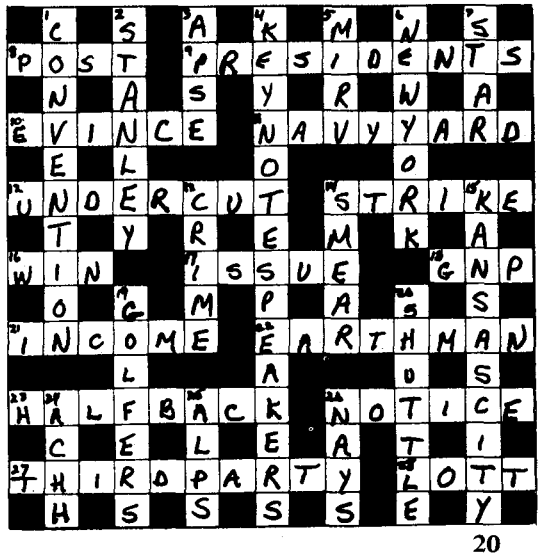
The public reaction was unfortunate, but it was real nonetheless. There was, in the meantime, a pained silence from most of Schorr's colleagues (Tom Wicker was a notable exception); but in the silence, one could sense a dawning recognition that although Dan Schorr had done no more than what a good reporter is supposed to do—get out the facts—he had misjudged the public temper. This was *not* the Pentagon Papers and he was *not* Daniel Ellsberg, and this was not even the same *country*, anymore, that had needed the press to batter its corrupted institutions, force a lying President out of office, strip the cover of national security from the CIA. The necessary demolition had been accomplished, and the country was like a wounded animal, leaderless and confused. But Dan Schorr—ever the reporter—was still battering away. It was an act of conscience—by one of the country's most dedicated broadcast journalists—but it suggested the limits of the press's role.

In this sense, something had changed. Schorr could rightly claim that he had only been doing his job. If information came into his possession, his only responsibility, his only choice, was to make it available to the public. And until the Big Leak, this view seemed widely accepted. CBS, which would later suspend Schorr, had not protested when he used the Report to scoop the other networks and win prestige for the corporation. The Reporters Committee, for all its recriminations, had done no more than what it had always done in the past—help reporters who believed that the First Amendment right to publish outweighed any other consideration. And the Congress, which now, facing reelection, wanted to disown the Report, had commissioned it in the first place in a flush of democratic sentiment, believing that the anarchic process of debate in an open society, with Congress always at the throat of the executive, and the press always at the throats of both, was preferable to the imperial presidency, the cult of intelligence, and the rest.

Those noble sentiments faded in February 1976, as after three bruising years, Washington's great experiment in democracy began to seem too dangerous, too raucous, too free.

We were all bureaucrats now, more concerned about the threat of leaks than with understanding the vital information they conveyed. And so an extraordinary period in our nation's history—in which the power and secrecy of the executive branch had, for a moment, been challenged; in which the scourge of CIA dirty tricks had, for a moment, been lifted; in which the lassitude of the Congress had, for a moment, been dispelled—seemed to have come to an end. Dan Schorr was the immediate victim, but we were all likely to pay a price. ■

Answers to March puzzle:



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Memo of the Month

MEMORANDUM

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

OFFICE OF FACILITIES ENGINEERING AND PROPERTY MANAGEMENT
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20201

Health Facility Planning and Development Project

TO : Distribution A DATE: January 14, 1976

FROM : Project Officer
Office of Planning and Development, OFEPM

SUBJECT: December Progress Report

During December 1975, the major progress has been the development, publication and dissemination of the "green book" document. This major progress report was widely circulated as a preliminary draft and technical response, and refinement ha been achieved in a variety of ways, including broad-based workshops, technical contact meetings, telephone interviews, and direct correspondence. Specific items of output contained in the green book progress report include:

1. A generic health and facilities planning and development flow chart which depicts the generic process at four levels of hierarchical concern -- institutional, health systems agency, state agency, and Federal. The flow chart process is complemented by narrative description of each step in the planning process.

2. A matrix that demonstrates the legal framework (P.L.93-641) for health facilities planning and development, the hierarchy of responsibilities, expected products emanating from assigned responsibilities, identification of HEW contractors and in-house efforts addressed to various elements of the total health planning process keyed to due dates for outputs, and the identification of possible gaps.

3. A review of the state-of-the-art for comprehensive area-wide health planning, institutional program planning, and facility functional and space programming.

Work is well ahead of schedule. This has resulted from the extensive effort placed on the development of the generic health facilities planning process simultaneous with the development of the state-of-the-art position papers.

During the month of January, we will finalize the green book and the generic planning process. If you have inputs to make and have not yet done so, please communicate with me or the contractor as soon as possible.

The next major product will be a "Blue Book" containing planning methodology and the rudimentary beginnings of how-to-do-it Manuals.

Thomas Clary

Thomas A. Clary

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Murder by the Book

by James Fallows

The breast-beating season has begun again among our friends in the press, this time about the CIA. In February *[MORE]* sponsored an editors' symposium about blowing the cover on an overseas operative. Question: You learn that an American businessman in Italy has been performing part-time labors for the CIA. He thinks he'll be killed if you print his name. Do you publish it? Answer: With the ghost of Richard Welch, the CIA station chief who was murdered in Athens, hovering in the background, the editors responded with an almost unanimous no.

A worthy enough sentiment, but it does seem to miss the point of what's been going on. During the laments and eulogies for Richard Welch, the authorities had great fun blaming the press—especially the previously unheralded *Counter-Spy* magazine—for sending Welch to his doom by publishing his name. The underlying idea seemed to be that a group of Greek leftists had been sitting at home, frustrated in their desire to assassinate an agent, until *Counter-Spy* gave them the necessary and otherwise-unavailable clue.

It must have been difficult to deliver these admonitions with a straight face, since no one knew better than the CIA men themselves that *Counter-Spy* added very little to the perils of their trade. As the agency has known for years, anyone bent on killing an agent—or merely blowing his cover in an American embassy—need hardly resort to such exotic publications as *Counter-Spy*, but can instead rely on documents provided by the U. S. government itself. As long as the State Department keeps publishing its Diplomatic List and Biographic Register, enemies of the CIA will have quick and authoritative means of identifying our agents overseas.

As John Marks explained in this magazine in November 1974, the system works this way: The Diplomatic List tells you who's working in each overseas embassy, with their rank (FSO-3, for example, or FSR-4) and job title (secretary, deputy chief of mission, etc.). The Biographic Register provides a career history of the people mentioned in the Diplomatic List. For bona fide members of the Foreign Service, certain familiar patterns emerge. There is often a first consular assignment in Juarez or Lahore, then a spell back with the African desk in Washington, and next a step up the ladder as a deputy political officer in Quito or Bonn. Along with the assignments, ranks are listed, from the starting level of FSO-8 on up to the

James Fallows is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly.

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top, FSO-1.

Amidst these capsule biographies are alien entries for diplomats who are not FSOs but FSRs, or Reserve officers. Not all these Reserve officers are camouflaged spooks, but a good many are. When the CIA wants to hide a man in, say, Athens, it may designate him a "political officer" in the embassy and assign him an FSR rank. But the sophisticated observer will know that the only true political officers are FSOs. This is one clue. Another is Washington assignments such as "analyst" for the Army or Navy or Air Force. With such clues, the CIA man's listing in the Register might just as well say "Spy." To anyone who cares to look, the message will be clear.

The signposts provided by the Biographic Register are so plain that the CIA has on at least one occasion pleaded with the State Department to stop publishing it, or failing that, at least to make it a classified document. "I believe it was in 1968 that the Agency asked State to stop putting it out," says Ray S. Cline, who worked many years for the CIA before moving to the State Department as head of the Bureau of Intelligence and Research. (He has since joined Georgetown University's Center for Strategic Studies.) "It had always been a problem that the CIA was concerned about. After two or three tours as an FSR, you really began to stand out in the Register. The fact that you falsely contaminated a few other people, who happened to be Reserve officers but didn't work for the Agency, didn't give a great deal of satisfaction, either."

The State Department turned the CIA down. When Cline moved over to State, he tried once again. His position within the Department was an influential one, but on this issue he could not make the Foreign Service budge. Finally, he says, "I tried to get Richard Helms [then the director of the CIA] to go to bat on this. I told him that I would be his advocate inside State. But Helms was never much of a scrapper."

And so the beleaguered agents were left to fend for themselves, knowing that the hand that lifted their cover came not from their foes of the committed left but from their brethren in Foggy Bottom.

What is so fascinating about all this is the State Department's intractability. Part of it, of course, results from the absence of fraternal affection between the two departments. In its own version of utopia, the CIA would give its agents much-improved cover by making them full-fledged members of the Foreign Service, complete with FSO rankings. The State Department, of course, will have none of that. On its scale of values, protect-

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ing its members from "contamination" by spies vastly outranks protecting the CIA. But the Foreign Service could still preserve its own integrity without actively torpedoing the CIA if it simply refrained from publishing the Register. Why does it continue to do so? The answer leads us into the thickets of organizational life.

"It's a kind of stud book," says Cline. "When you run into someone, you can look him up and say, 'Oh yes, he was in Kuala Lampur when I was in Hong Kong.' " Like the alumni directory for a high-powered school, the Register enables Foreign Service officers to keep track of their colleagues, especially on matters of advancement and decline. Has old Bill made Three yet? Who got that posting to Paris? Am I gaining or am I falling behind? The Register provides another service as well, for, like a Blue Book or Social Register, it indicates the appropriate degree of respect due any given visitor. The military has solved this problem by letting its members wear their ranks on their uniforms. When a general comes calling, you only have to count his stars. Rank is nearly as important for an FSO, but the Foreign Service has not yet developed a tasteful means of putting stars on pin-striped suits. The solution is the Register. "It was miraculous the way people started treating me better after I became a One," says a former official at State.

There is one grand, solemn moral to this story, which is that the CIA has been pointing the finger at the wrong culprit. There is a more whimsical moral as well, which, in the days when Richard Welch and Philip Agee are long forgotten, may be the more important. It is that the necessities of organizational life—wanting to know how the competition is doing, needing a quick guide to protocol—can sometimes have as great an impact as the most fervent ideology. *Counter-Spy* wants to rub out the CIA; the State Department merely wants to keep score on the climb up the greasy pole. From which does the CIA have more to fear? ■

Lawyers cross-examine lawyers

Verdicts on Lawyers

edited by

Ralph Nader & Mark Green

Are lawyers serving you—or themselves? Are legal services always essential? What can be done about high legal fees? How much power does the American Bar Association really have? Nader and Green, who collaborated on *Corporate Power in America,* invited a group of lawyers and journalists (including Ramsey Clark, John Tunney, Jack Newfield and Joseph Califano) to examine these and other crucial questions. Their ideas form some of the most intelligent and accessible writing on the law ever published—in an important, controversial and much needed book.

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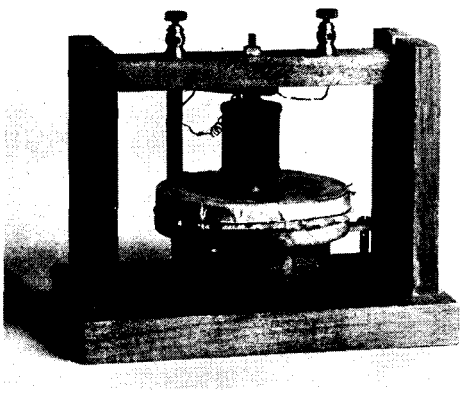
One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

Now that you've invented the telephone, Professor Bell, how can you make it so people can afford it?

Alexander Graham Bell's fingers were all thumbs in mechanical matters. He had a sensitive ear, an original mind, and a deep knowledge of speech and hearing. These assets enabled him to invent the telephone "mentally." But translating the concept into a working model required mechanical gifts he did not possess. And manufacturing telephones for use by the public posed still other problems.



Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone

To be fair, very few people had any experience fabricating electrical devices in 1873, when Bell began the investigations that led to the telephone. Samuel F.B. Morse's telegraph, invented in 1835, was the only important commercial use yet made of electricity. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was only 14 years old. Thomas Edison's electric light was still some years in the future.

In the United States, some of the most concentrated work on new applications of electricity was being done in the workshop of Charles Williams, Jr. at 109 Court Street, Boston. Inventors including Edison took their ideas to Williams, who translated them into working models—or more often, into models that did not work.

Thomas A. Watson

Bell sought Williams' aid in 1874. The helper assigned to him in January 1875 was Thomas A. Watson, aged 20. Bell was 27. The two complemented each other marvelously. Watson had his own sort of genius—for the practical business of putting together metal and wood and glass to form devices that would do what he wanted. The collaboration between the two men produced, on March 10, 1876, that famous first telephone call: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."

Bell foresaw a time when telephone service would link the cities of the world. But that required vast improvements in the telephone and in telephone connections. The newborn Bell Telephone Company set out to make those improvements. Watson hired two assistants, and began what would be called today a research and development

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program. He made the experimental phone sturdier, and devised a hand-cranked magneto to ring a bell. Williams began manufacturing Watson's designs. The invention's financial backers organized telephone companies in various cities, raised additional capital, and hired a General Manager, Theodore N. Vail.

The Western Electric Manufacturing Co., Chicago 1881

By 1879 demand for telephones exceeded the capacity of Williams' shop. Manufacturers in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Baltimore were licensed to make telephones under the Bell patents. More were needed. One company in Chicago had gained considerable expertise in making telegraph equipment. Years later, Watson reminisced, "When a piece of equipment built by Western Electric came into our shop...we always used to admire the superlative excellence of the workmanship." In 1881, Bell Telephone acquired a controlling interest in Western Electric, and in 1882 made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of reasons. Western Electric workmanship improved the quality of voice reproduction by telephone, a step essential to winning wide public acceptance of the new invention. It ensured reliability. When repairs were needed, standardized parts from Western Electric made for speedy restoration of service. A fourth advantage concerned the evolving nationwide network: a single manufacturer could see to it that telephone equipment throughout the country would work together compatibly, thus assuring the "interconnectedness" of the network—its capability of connecting any two phones.

The Engineering Department of Western Electric joined in the search for telephone improvements. Managers of local companies made suggestions based on day-to-day experience with customers. Outside inventors worked out refinements. Bell Telephone management weighed all the ideas, in terms of value to customers and practicality in manufacture. The best ideas were incorporated into the phones being made.

Organizational "feedback"—the subtle flow of engineering information and understanding within a technologically oriented enterprise—was a novel concept in those days. But the young telephone industry had already achieved a union of the successive stages of effort essential to the development of a coherent telephone system. Today Bell Laboratories is responsible for research and development. Western Electric looks for—and finds—better ways to make things. The 23 regional Bell companies provide telephone service and report back their needs and the needs of their customers. And American Telephone and Telegraph Company management provides overall coordination and guidance. Some of the names are different, but the functions had been established by 1882.

Vertical integration is one name economists give to this form of corporate organization. In a typical case, raw materials change to finished product with suc-

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cessive stages of manufacture integrated under one company. For example, a printing company might own paper mills and even its own forests. But there is a difference, because the Bell company was not, and is not, primarily a manufacturer of products. From the beginning, the partners in the enterprise—whether engaged in invention or manufacture or operations—sold telephone service, not telephone equipment.

For instance, there was the fundamental item of connecting the lines of two subscribers who wanted to talk. This was handled in central offices by a corps of operators, using cords, plugs and jacks. Setting up a call could take as long as seven minutes. In 1884, Ezra T. Gilliland, working for the Bell company, devised a mechanical system that would allow a subscriber to reach up to 15 lines without the help of an operator. In 1891, Almon B. Strowger, a Kansas City undertaker, patented a dial machine constructed in a round collar box. It connected up to 99 lines. But the big city offices already handled thousands of lines, and the numbers were growing rapidly. The connection problem was growing much more rapidly, because of some basic geometry: it takes one line to interconnect two telephones, three lines for three telephones, six lines for four, 28 lines for eight, and 4,851 lines for 99 telephones. In connections, added telephones were just the opposite of "cheaper by the dozen."

The Bell company set out to develop a machine that would connect any of 10,000 telephones—49,995,000 possible connections. The search was costly, but necessary for continued good service, and the various parts of the company joined to pursue it to a successful conclusion. (Today in the

Young men manually connecting phone calls in 1879

United States a telephone can be connected to any of 140 million others. There are 10 quadrillion—10 million billion—possible connections.)

There was also the problem of financing the nationwide conversion of central offices to dial. Service improvements on the scale required are enormously expensive—so expensive as to be impossible without the most careful attention to economy. Here again the integrated corporate structure shows its values. Western Electric, because its prime objective is to benefit telephone service, has become a world champion in cost control, and a pacesetter in the improvement of productivity. Data issued by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased by 50% since 1965. That is two and a half times the productivity increase in the United States economy as a whole.

Savings of that sort continue, as a recent example shows. Bell scientists, building on the semiconductor research that helped them invent the transistor, also aided in the development of the light-emitting diode or LED. These solid-state lamps, now familiar as displays in pocket calculators and watches, can replace incandescent lamps in many pieces of telephone

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equipment. They will last the lifetime of the phone, operate with much less electrical power, and help hold down the cost of installation and maintenance. Over the next five years, LEDs should save the Bell System about $120 million. Bell Labs semiconductor research also resulted in the invention of another solid-state light source, the tiny semiconductor laser.

Future uses of these solid-state light sources may be even more important than today's. They will almost certainly be used

For the nation's future communications needs, Bell engineers are today developing systems to transmit telephone calls on lightwaves.

in systems transmitting telephone calls and other communications over lightwaves. Lightwave communications could mean an enormous increase in the capacity of the phone network, making it possible to meet the need for increased call volumes and new communications services economically in the years ahead. And to do it while conserving energy and scarce raw materials.

Innovation, productivity, advance planning—all mean improved service and reasonable costs. And in the telephone industry, cost savings benefit not only shareholders; they are passed along to the public as well.

In the decade 1965-1975, the cost of living rose 74%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones. The quality of the service is the envy of the world.

Numerous studies have been made of the role of the Bell organizational structure in achieving those results. One of the most recent, concluded in 1974, was made by the independent auditing and management consulting firm of Touche, Ross & Co., acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission. According to their report:

"Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower prices...The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies."

The best telephone service in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

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Gentlemen-in-Waiting: The Democratic Shadow Cabinet

by Tom Bethell

For the Gentlemen-in-Waiting it had been a long wait, and a treacherous one. But now, at last, after almost eight long years of Republican rule, it looked as though the exile might soon be at an end. The election was upon us again, and with any luck a Democrat would win in November, and so would restore the Gentlemen-in-Waiting from the nooks of Brookings and the crags of Carnegie, and other second-class accommodations in and among the liberal foundations, to a more commodious seat in the staterooms of government.

The Gentlemen-in-Waiting did not themselves run for office. That they left to the politicians, or whoever had the time and money and fortitude to undertake such a risky enterprise. The Gentlemen-in-Waiting were the courtiers who gave advice—highly trained professionals in many instances, expert in the preparation of a position paper, generous with their expertise, ready for consultation at any hour. They were, in the most apt phrase, an "available resource," the recipients of the best education available at the best schools, equipped with the finest brains, and they were ready to serve their country.

Mostly they were Democrats. It had many times been said of Washington that the Republicans lived there during Republican administrations, but that during Democratic administrations they returned to their homes in Wyoming or Kansas, or wherever it was that Republicans came from; whereas the Democrats lived there all the time. It was their city. During the Republican interludes the Democrats waited nearby, and if they could not find employment in government, they could often find employment criticizing government. It was the next best thing.

And so, after almost eight lean Republican years, the Gentlemen-in-Waiting were waiting hungrily.

They were ready with their advice, but there was a troublesome difficulty brewing this year, a minor matter, perhaps, but in any event a hazard of the primary process: whom to advise? So many Democrats were running, and it was tactically unsound, obviously, to become too visibly a part of the entourage of one candidate—who might not turn out to be the *right* candidate—just as it was tactically unsound to be too notice-

Tom Bethell is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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ably lingering in the wings. One could jump from one candidate to another, of course, but more than one jump was considered poor form. Perhaps the best approach was to give advice to as many candidates as possible—discreetly. Here the lawyers, especially, were adept at maintaining the degree of discretion that was politic.

Of course, among the candidates there were obvious favorites. Those with a good, solid working knowledge of Washington and its ways were clearly favored because they already carried around in their heads a Who's Who in Washington and would not, therefore, have to be laboriously instructed in this important matter; and there were *ideal* candidates—Senator Kennedy came to mind, but alas he was not running this year, he had said so over and over again, but many of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting did not want to believe him, especially the ones who were waiting in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which was perhaps the favored waiting place outside of Washington itself; and there were rather ominous candidates, such as Jimmy Carter, who was from Georgia, and who, as far as anyone knew, had hardly been to Washington and so had a rather limited knowledge of how things worked in the capital and who might not, therefore, make an ideal President. Running "against Washington" might be winning votes this year, but as far as the Gentlemen-in-Waiting were concerned it was considered a joke in rather dubious taste. Indeed, one young lady who knew a number of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting on a personal basis had been heard to express the opinion that governors of states, and especially ex-governors, should not be allowed to run for President because they didn't have the proper background or experience. Foreign policy, especially, had to be properly conducted according to canons already laid down: the Russians dealt with in the manner to which they had become accustomed, the mysteries of SALT comprehended, there was a military litany to be recited, a protocol to be observed. There was, in brief, a theology at stake, and herein lay the Gentlemen-in-Waiting's chief weapon, because, in indoctrinating the candidates into some of the theological mysteries, they could at the same time create the illusion that they were indispensable. Jimmy Carter would in the end, no doubt, be realistic enough to realize that assistant peanut farmers could not hope to become assistant secretaries of state.

It was in the area of foreign policy that the Gentlemen-in-Waiting especially tended to concentrate their advice. In part this was because of the theology. Foreign policy was a mystery not given to many mortals to understand—especially those who had not attended Harvard and Yale and Columbia. Many other jobs opened up with a change of administration, jobs in departments like Agriculture and HEW and HUD, but for the most part the gentlemen sniffed at them; they could safely be left to unknown arrivistes from the hinterland. The reason for this was partly historical, partly social. But primarily the latter.

The big new social welfare agencies like HUD and HEW lacked the prestige and social cachet that was an integral aspect of the departments dealing with foreign policy. And there was a good historical reason for this, too. The formulation and implementation of the nation's foreign policy, and its defense, constituted the most basic, the most traditional, and the most irreducible function of government in any country, and its custodianship was appropriately rewarded in terms of social prestige. Despite their massive budgets, recently acquired, the agencies of domestic welfare were essentially innovations in the realm of government, and therefore suspect. The founding fathers had not, after all, thought it a function of government to collect money from people when they worked so that it could be returned to them in retirement, nor to provide medical care for its citizens.

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The foreign policy calling was a peculiar one, in some ways as intangible and abstract as power itself. It attracted a very talented, very competitive group of young men who often tended to devote a good deal of their energies to eliminating rivals to power in an ongoing, discreetly subterranean Washington dogfight. Hundreds of people were seeking dozens of jobs. They all tended to know one another; knew each others' positions, latest successes, latest gaffes; knew who was supporting whom, and would speak of one another very politely for the record, but often condescendingly in private. They were not necessarily the brightest of their generation, and very probably were not the best, but very likely they were the most ambitious of the young men aiming for careers in government. To be a participant in the realms of foreign and defense policy was to be in the limelight; that was what got onto the front page of *The New York Times*, that was where the heady action was. To invade? To bomb? To negotiate? Decide it at a breakfast meeting, amid the maps and blackboards. (Let others decide about home mortgage interest rates.)

Despite the intense rivalries, the foreign policy Gentlemen-in-Waiting in some respects resembled a club, if only because of their small numbers. According to an estimate by one member, there were fewer than 200 all told. Others said several hundred. As they became more senior they would be in and out of government, withdrawing at intervals to realms of influence that were both more discreet and more lucrative than government—into investment banking and the law firms near the White House, in the grand tradition of the McCloys and the Stimsons—but the younger men had little to market but their foreign policy expertise, and, perhaps more important, a public awareness of their expertise.

This was the difficult part of the game and the essential part. One had to become known, to rise above the common herd, small though the herd was. And this was not easy, because in the broad area that was of interest to the public there was a fundamental agreement between all participants (all would agree, for example, that nuclear war with Russia was to be avoided), whereas in the detailed debates as to the ways and means of policy—which is what the Gentlemen-in-Waiting argued about, often with great displays of erudition—the general public tended not to take much notice or even to care very greatly. In the primary campaigns, for example, there was scarcely a mention of foreign policy, beyond a decision by President Ford to abolish the word detente. And so, in a field of arcane disputes, it was not easy to make a name for oneself—especially for gentlemen waiting in the wings.

Behave Like a Team Player

The wait, some called it exile, had been protracted; precarious for some, disastrous for others. Perhaps worst hurt had been those Democrats of John Kenneth Galbraith's generation, who, in the past decade, had gone from their late 50s to their late 60s, and so had missed the prime opportunity to join government as experienced and senior sages; for such people, the name of Nixon often tended to be anathema, even before Watergate. For others, the last ten years had been a minefield, and not many had traversed it without suffering some injury. There had been Vietnam, of course, which had taken a dreadful toll. Few of Kennedy's or Johnson's top advisers had emerged unscathed. Walt Rostow had been banished from Harvard to Texas. Dean Rusk was in exile in Georgia.

For the younger men Vietnam had created the familiar dilemma: to resign (and abandon the reins of power) or to stay on (and risk becoming entangled in the sinking wreckage). It was, once again, a problem of timing similar to the one now facing many of the same people in their re-enlistment

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efforts with the new candidates. To resign? (If so, not too late.) Having resigned, to speak out? James C. Thomson, a former National Security Council adviser who left government in 1966 and went to Harvard, there to write a letter to *The New York Times* protesting foreign policy, a daring move at the time, knew the unwritten rule, and hence the danger: *When you leave, you go quietly.* Later he went one step further and wrote an article for *The Atlantic.* He was soon warned that this was incorrect behavior.

In March 1968, after Thomson's article had appeared, McGeorge Bundy, former NSC adviser to President Kennedy but by then president of the Ford Foundation, prefaced a public debate with Stanley Hoffman, a professor at Harvard, with the remark that he would not talk about the past—period. He went on to say that those who had been entrusted with responsibility by a President had been handed a pistol along with that trust, and that those who later spoke out not merely broke their trust but turned that pistol onto the President and shot him in the head. Thomson's wife gave her husband a nudge in the ribs and said, "He's talking about you." No, Thomson whispered, he's talking about Arthur Schlesinger. But the next day Schlesinger denied this, saying that Bundy had been referring to Kenneth Galbraith and Richard Goodwin. Later evidence suggested that Thomson's wife had been right. Thomson knew the implications: *To be asked back, you must behave like a team player.*

In short, the last two years of the Johnson Administration had been a difficult time for the Gentlemen-in-Waiting with ambitions to last the course, and with the arrival of Nixon, of course, the minefield had stretched on further. But, at the outset, there had been a pleasant surprise. Nixon, disappointing some of his long-time aides, had selected as his top foreign policy adviser a club member in good standing, Henry Kissinger, a Harvard professor, to occupy the National Security Council position. And Kissinger, it turned out, was willing to sign on as aides just those Gentlemen-in-Waiting who might well have imagined that they would have to wait for Nixon's departure, four years away at best, perhaps eight, until they could return to the centers of power.

Beating a Tactical Retreat

When the call came from Kissinger, the Gentlemen-in-Waiting were happy to join the team. Among them was Morton H. Halperin, who became chief of the NSC planning group, and whose background, as J. Anthony Lukas would remark, was "certain to make H. R. Haldeman's crew cut stand up straight and quiver: a B. A. from Columbia, a Ph. D. from Yale, an assistant professorship of government at Harvard . . . . In other words, Halperin was a full-blooded Ivy League intellectual, who had written several books, hobnobbed with Democrats in Cambridge, served them in Washington. . . . " Oddly enough, Halperin was a Republican, but a number of other liberals who were Democrats enrolled with Kissinger—Tony Lake for example, who had joined the Foreign Service in 1962 and worked as a staff assistant to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge in Vietnam, and Daniel Davidson, who had been a personal assistant to the grey eminence of the Democratic foreign policy establishment, W. Averell Harriman, during the 1968 Paris peace talks. Harriman's Georgetown mansion, as Nixon well knew and worried, would become the courtly venue where the Ambassador-at-Large, surrounded by footmen, retainers and Democrats-in-Exile, would plot a return to power.

But the honeymoon was over soon enough. In May 1969 a story by William Beecher appeared in *The New York Times* reporting B-52 bombing in Cambodia, a story that was regarded as a breach of governmental security, and very shortly thereafter wiretaps were installed on the home tele-

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phones of a number of Kissinger's associates, among them Halperin and Davidson. The war dragged on, despite the best efforts of the increasingly disillusioned Democratic holdovers, who had felt that they could be more effective in government than out, but found that they had little influence on Kissinger. After the Cambodian invasion, in the spring of 1970, most of them had gone back into exile, and their period of government service was subsequently used as a pretext to continue tapping their telephones, revealing, among other things, preliminary planning for Muskie's 1972 campaign.

Fortunately for the Gentlemen-in-Waiting, however, exile wasn't the end of everything. For some, the law firms provided a secure haven. One who had beaten a tactical retreat to the world of Washington law without making so much as a misguided step in the direction of the Nixon minefield was Paul Warnke. Warnke had already been a partner in the important law firm of Covington and Burling before becoming the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs in 1967. He quickly became skeptical and dovish on Vietnam, befriended Clark Clifford, who would soon become Secretary of Defense, and with the onset of the Nixon Administration he became a partner in the law firm of Clifford, Warnke, Glass, McIlwain and Finney. Here Warnke could wait in comfort, with an office suitably overlooking Lafayette Square and the White House. Along with Cyrus Vance, who had been Deputy Secretary of Defense under Johnson and had made a similar tactical withdrawal to the New York law firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett, Warnke would become by 1976 one of the most eminent Gentlemen-in-Waiting, of just the right age and seniority and experience for a new Democratic administration, and, vying with Vance, he was a name at the top of almost everyone's short list—a strong possibility for the top job at Defense or State if the right candidate came along. The lawyerly background encouraged discretion, of course, and if Warnke was doing position papers for candidates, he was doing so discreetly, confining himself publicly to the statement that he "hadn't a clue" about Democratic politics this year; but everyone knew that he had, and that he was one of the brightest talents available, thoroughly honest, outspoken and courageous; he had been "humanised," some said; others remarked that his advice came from the left-hand edge of the acceptable spectrum of opinion—perfect for Udall or Kennedy; but no one doubted that he was ready to make the financial sacrifice that would in his case be necessary to serve his country once again.

For others, there was the less secure but nevertheless comfortable world of the foundations, those institutions where old capitalist money laboriously accumulated was spent, a generation or two later, in searching for a more perfect society than had hitherto existed. Here the Gentlemen-in-Waiting could find suitable interim employment. The Brookings Institution on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington was perhaps the prototype. It was also the flagship of the numerous extragovernmental enterprises that flourished in the Dupont Circle area of Washington, ranging from the Institute of Policy Studies on the left to the American Enterprise Institute on the right (but by far the majority were on the left, usually stressing anti-business and environmental themes). Brookings was in the center, ideologically, and prestigious enough to make an ambitious professor quiver with anticipation at the prospect of a research position there. Robert Brookings, a self-made millionaire from St. Louis, had public-spiritedly donated his fortune, which derived from the sale of woodenware (clothespins, it was said), for the creation of an institution where men could be stimulated to think over questions of government and economics and social relations. By the 1970s,

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40 years after the founder's death, with his money wisely invested on Wall Street, the thinking was being done by men who tended to perceive the most beneficial society as one in which a certain "tradeoff" between equality and efficiency was desirable. In Robert Brookings' day, for example, there had been entirely too much efficiency and not enough equality. Making amends required fairly strong government control of the economy, of course, because people, if left to their own devices, tended to end up rather unequal, but this enhancement of the role of government was not incongenial to those economists and aspiring rulers at Brookings. So the institution had a decidedly Keynesian, "liberal," and Democratic bias, although every prospectus emphasized its objectivity. But that bias was, perhaps, inevitable. As one economist who worked there commented, the

Rigby-Lake

Anthony Lake

conservative economists who thought market forces were sufficient tended to talk themselves out of jobs.

Here then, was a welcome refuge. In the economics field, men like Charles Schultze, head of the Bureau of the Budget under Johnson, and Arthur Okun, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, had taken up senior positions at Brookings sufficiently comfortable that some observers felt nothing less than Secretary of the Treasury could entice them back into government (which, whatever its advantages, tended to be a good deal more exhausting than life at Brookings); and here, too, was a port in the storm for Morton Halperin after his short-lived National Security Council venture, and Leslie Gelb, a refugee from the Pentagon, where he had coordinated the Pentagon Papers project.

For men such as these, in mid-career and awaiting a new opportunity, Brookings provided a position, a salary (about $25,000-a-year for middle-level research fellows, about $36,000 for those at the senior level), research facilities without the bother of students, a platform from which to issue dissenting policy statements—statements which, during the Nixon years, were often prominently played up by a press which often found the Brookings position more to its taste than the Nixonian position.

Another important refuge was the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, a well-heeled redoubt of Democratic liberalism, presided over by Thomas L. Hughes, a former assistant secretary of state, who was, like Warnke and Vance, a prominent Gentleman-in-Waiting, and, because of his job at Carnegie, also a prominently *displayed* Gentleman-in-Waiting. He could, for example, write an article about China for *The New Republic*, as he recently had, and its substance would be somehow subordinate to the fact that the president of Carnegie, Tom Hughes, was making a statement on foreign affairs in a popular forum. Although a detractor had described Hughes as a one-carat diamond endlessly repolished, whose decisions tended to be wait-and-see, no one could fault him for a lack of humanitarianism in the study-projects undertaken by Carnegie. If it were possible,

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they risked seeming *too* humanitarian, dealing with places like Biafra and Micronesia, and were beginning to look too "soft" at a time when the American will with regard to foreign policy appeared to be moving to the right, and threatened to make Hughes look too dovish, too supportive of the view that the State Department needed to be presided over by a Ralph Nader. Concepts such as "public accountability" were bruited about at Carnegie, and there was even something called Project Dialogue—a "way within the American construct of values to explore different perspectives among people who don't trade views very often"—that smacked too much of Dupont Circle and not enough of Foggy Bottom. But even in his lifetime old Andrew Carnegie had seemed to want to make expiation for the harsh rigors of capitalism, and if so, his money ($50-odd million, at the mercy of the stock market), was clearly being spent in accordance with his intentions at the Carnegie Endowment.

The Carnegie Endowment also gave free office space to and paid off half the debts (about $60,000 annually) incurred by *Foreign Policy*, a quarterly publication wherein Gentlemen-in-Waiting could sound forth on foreign affairs to one another and anyone else who cared to listen. It had begun publication in 1970, under the editorial direction of Samuel Huntington, a professor of government at Harvard, and Warren Manshel, a public-spirited investment banker, both of whom felt that *rational discussion* of the new directions required of American foreign policy was *urgently needed*. Whether this was intended as a tiny rebuke of *Foreign Affairs*, it was hard to tell. *Foreign Affairs*, of course, was the quarterly publication of the Council on Foreign Relations in New York, presided over by Bayless Manning, edited by William Bundy, founded shortly after World War I, and frequently thought to be the spiritual home of "the establishment." (In 1961, Richard Rovere had half-humorously drawn attention to the Council as "a sort of Presidium for that part of the Establishment that guides our destiny as a nation.")

Zbig the Hankerer

Foreign Policy was not *anti*-establishment, exactly, but it was sometimes irreverent, at least, while *Foreign Affairs* was always dusty dry. *Foreign Policy* seemed to suggest that cracks were beginning to appear in the old foreign affairs establishment, fragmenting it, and certainly it drew attention to the havoc wrought by Vietnam. In any event, the new publication was the perfect forum for Gentlemen-in-Waiting.

An editorial board was assembled which included such key courtiers to power as Zbigniew Brzezinski, a Polish immigrant who was director of the Institute of International Change at Columbia University, and who was inevitably compared with Kissinger as much because of his foreign accent as because of his teaching position at an Ivy League university. Brzezinski, it had been reported in *Newsweek*, "hankered after" Kissinger's job, too, but Brzezinski himself would only respond that he was too realistic to engage in such daydreaming. But he had been a most readily available resource, having advised nearly all the Democratic candidates, and recently he had invited a Jackson aide to one of the foreign policy get-togethers. The letter of invitation was dated the day of the Massachusetts primary, but postmarked two days later.

Brzezinski was a prominent Gentleman-in-Waiting, and another was George Ball, a former under secretary of state and a major figure in the foreign policy councils of Kennedy and Johnson, who was well known for having "spoken out" on Vietnam, for having published his "Skeptical Thoughts," even though, as detractors were not slow to point out, they had turned out to be ineffectual. Ball was now a partner in Lehman Brothers, an investment banking firm in New York,

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and the speculation was that he would be likely to return to Washington as Hubert Humphrey's Secretary of State—should the convention deadlock and the call go out to Waverly, Minnesota.

Another name frequently considered by Gentlemen-in-Waiting when they drew up lists of their rivals was Benjamin H. Read, the president of the German Marshall Fund and a respected member of the foreign policy establishment, also close to Humphrey. It was characteristic of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting that, when they drew up these lists, they also mentally decided who should get which precise job, as though they were at that moment President themselves. Read, it was felt, was *not* right for Kissinger's job, but *was* right for Brent Scowcroft's—the National Security Council Adviser, in other words—and those who felt they had a good chance of getting into the White House with Read in this new capacity especially tended to "recommend" him for the job.

Lake and Holbrooke

An important part of the life of the foreign policy courtiers was the schedule of conferences that could be attended and study groups that could be assembled. An example was the Trilateral Commission, which stressed that the U. S., Western Europe and Japan should work together closely—even more closely than they already did. It was said of these meetings that more thought was given to who attended them, and who spoke, in what order, than was given to the agenda. One of the most regular conference-attenders was also the managing editor of *Foreign Policy*, Richard Holbrooke, and his name came up so automatically whenever the Gentlemen-in-Waiting were mentioned that he sometimes seemed to be the principal courtier, whose achievement consisted primarily in being well known, rather than being well known for his achievements. Holbrooke's career seemed to consist, whether by design or accident it was hard to tell, of a series of delicately executed steps—a cautious (or fortuitous) negotiation of the recent mine-strewn years. If power itself was an intangible abstraction, so too, Holbrooke's history seemed to say, was its pursuit.

Both Richard Holbrooke and Tony Lake had entered the Foreign Service in 1962—a difficult time, in retrospect. It was said of both that they were the best of their class. Both had gone to Vietnam, and both had been staff assistants to U. S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge. Back in the U. S. Holbrooke became an assistant to Bob Komer, who headed up the misleadingly titled "Pacification Program" in Vietnam, and then to Nicholas Katzenbach, when he was under secretary of state. Holbrooke had gone on to be a member of the U. S. delegation to the Paris peace talks, where for two and a half months he helped grapple with the problem of the shape of the negotiating table (South Vietnam wanted a rectangular table, North Vietnam a square one, the U. S. a round one, and here at least, if not in Vietnam itself, the U. S. prevailed), and was able to observe admiringly and at first hand the Harriman approach to diplomacy, one of "creative ambiguity."

Both Holbrooke and Lake had then gone on to the Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton for a course of advanced international study. Lake got a masters degree in public affairs, and then joined the National Security Council staff at the beginning of the Nixon Administration. (He had met Kissinger in the mid-1960s.)

In May 1970, following the invasion of Cambodia, Lake resigned from government, an unusual event in foreign policy circles, and he then worked on his doctoral dissertation before assisting Edmund Muskie's short-lived 1972 presidential campaign. (Meanwhile, his telephone was being tapped, as a result of which he would sue Kissinger, Nixon, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and the FBI.)

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After a stint with the Carnegie Endowment in 1973, studying U.S. policy toward Rhodesia, Lake became director of an organization called International Voluntary Services, often described as a private Peace Corps. By 1976 he was advising a number of presidential candidates on foreign policy, but not Carter or Jackson. He had moved to the left of center, and he was becoming increasingly indifferent to playing the game by the rules, more ideologically committed to environmental and third-world themes. He was on the Foreign Policy Advisory Task Force for the Democratic National Committee, but he was looking more and more dependent on a Fred Harris long shot—or Udall possibly.

Holbrooke, in contrast, had proceeded more circumspectly.

In the fall of 1969 Holbrook, then only 28 years old, got a phone call from Samuel Huntington asking him if he would like to be managing editor of *Foreign Policy*, which was then gearing up for publication. It was something of a mystery to Holbrooke why he was made this offer, because he barely knew Huntington, but in any event he could not accept because he had already made arrangements to take a leave of absence from the Foreign Service and become the Peace Corps director in Morocco. Holbrooke was looking forward to getting away from Washington for a while, and in fact it was a good time to be gone. He recommended a replacement to Huntington, his good friend John Franklin Campbell, who had entered the Foreign Service in the same class with Lake and Holbrooke. Two years later, while Holbrooke was in Nepal on a trip, he received a cable from the Peace Corps informing him that Campbell had died very suddenly of an undiagnosed cancer.

Holbrooke returned to New York for the funeral, and, together with George Ball, made a brief speech in Campbell's memory. Afterwards, Warren Manshel came up to him and said he would like to speak to him in private. But even before he spoke Holbrooke knew what he would say—it was that rare situation where you are offered the same job twice. This time Holbrooke accepted the job of putting out the magazine. Campbell had published five issues, had done a fine job, and circulation was up to 5,000.

From that point on the magazine provided Holbrooke with just the visibility that he needed to rise above the common run. It could hardly have been a better megaphone, far better than the relatively weak voice available to those at Brookings and Carnegie and the Kennedy Institute at Harvard (another foreign policy redoubt, where the proceeds of Joseph Kennedy's millions were carefully portioned out to worthy recipients). Under the aegis of *Foreign Policy*, Holbrooke could attend conferences, undertake tours of inspection, travel abroad (he had spent seven of the past

Gail Malcom

Richard Holbrooke

12 years abroad, and time spent abroad was an important credential for Gentlemen-in-Waiting; why, some of them, such as Mort Halperin, had not even spent one day in Vietnam) give speeches, and even, in the selection

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and encouragement of the articles that would appear in the magazine, maintain a semblance of influence over foreign policy itself.

By 1974 Holbrooke had been selected as one of *Time*'s "200 Faces For the Future" (being one of those who exemplified "leadership with civic impact"), and by 1975 he had clearly become a member in good standing of the foreign policy "Quote Circuit," being tapped for a comment by *The New York Times* after the fall of Saigon, as were Lake and Halperin. (Holbrooke felt "sort of weary," Lake felt "glad the fighting is coming to an end," Halperin "relieved that it's over.") He was also making key appearances in those important instruments of visibility, the op-ed pages of the *Times* and *The Washington Post.* Here Holbrooke could animadvert upon Kissinger's performance, Nixon's world view, and detente, with one or two bold cultural diversifications thrown in, such as a description of meeting Pablo Casals, or reflecting upon snowfall in New York, which in sum demonstrated a breadth of outlook appropriate to the embryonic statesman.

So while Tony Lake was suing the Secretary of State, Dick Holbrooke was evaluating him—carefully—and to the impartial observer there could be no doubt which of the two had played his cards more cleverly in the past few years. There were, as James Thomson had remarked seven years earlier, rules in the foreign policy game. You did not get caught up too much in the Peace Corps mentality, you did not become too obviously involved with the "human rights" outlook; you certainly did not sue the Secretary of State; that was completely out of bounds, even though, as everyone remarked on Lake's behalf, he had done so out of principle, discreetly, quietly, without making too many waves, without an obvious intention to harass and embarrass his former boss.

They were thinking, of course, of Mort Halperin. By 1976 Halperin had changed direction considerably and had moved across town from Brookings to the Center for Strategic Studies, housed in an elegant building that was a part of General Motors heir Stewart Mott's counter-corporate conglomerate. The Center promulgated all the usual disclaimers about being independent and nonpartisan, but it was left wing in orientation, there was no getting away from it. Lake might or might not have gone too far, but there was no doubt that Halperin had. He too was suing Kissinger, Haig, the FBI, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, but in his case he was doing so noisily, which made it far worse. Halperin just kept on creating a great commotion of publicity about what he was doing. He spoke to friends about putting Kissinger in jail, in blithe disregard of the fact that the Secretary of State, whatever your opinion of Kissinger, was the high priest, and you did not subject him to such embarrassment. In the public arena, scarcely a week passed, it seemed, without a new article appearing by Halperin in *The New Republic*, or some civil liberties publication, about the outrage of wiretaps, leaks, and bugging, the incompetence of the CIA, the distortion of the truth, secrecy in government, possible perjury by Richard Helms; more and more Halperin was getting away from his former foreign policy beat and becoming a dissenter, growling at government from his third-floor perch in the Mott building, where plants dangled from almost every window.

By the time of the 1976 campaign, Halperin did not seem to be taking much notice of it. He was working with the American Civil Liberties Union, directing a project on national security and civil liberties—his new obsession. But he could still dare to conjure with the notion that he might someday return to government.

He knew he had broken several cardinal rules, of course, just as Daniel Ellsberg had. But like Ellsberg, who had wondered even after the Pentagon Papers leak if he could get his security clearance back and return to govern-

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ment in a fresh and more liberal administration (and had recently publicly endorsed the candidacy of Fred Harris, although whether with Harris' encouragement it was not clear), so Halperin entertained similar hopes —not the Pentagon, no doubt, not the National Security Council, but conceivably there was a slot, if someone from the left wing of the party was nominated, in the vaguely defined area where civil liberties and national security overlapped.

Courtiers and Their King

There were, in fact, quite a number of rules to the foreign policy game, Halperin reflected. Not suing was one, certainly. There was a non-leak rule, which of course Ellsberg had egregiously broken. The point was, you didn't leave government and then go around telling everything—especially people's *positions*—Kissinger's position on Vietnam, Nixon's position on China, and so on. You didn't make personal attacks, that was another rule—you didn't call Dick Helms a liar. And you didn't make irresponsible proposals, either, like testifying before the Church committee that covert activities should be entirely abolished, as Halperin had recently done.

To some extent, it depended who you were and what your position was, Halperin thought. Thus, testifying on behalf of Ellsberg was all right for some, e.g. McGeorge Bundy, because it took on the appearance of atonement for him. He had been *for* the war, so it was all right for him. But it wasn't all right if you had been *against* the war—in that case testifying for Ellsberg identified one too much as an anti-war activist. Under differing circumstances, the rules could get quite esoteric.

But the gravitational pull, back to the centers of power was keenly felt, as the red telephone on Halperin's desk seemd to imply. Life in these liberal or left-of-center institutions dotted around Washington was fairly congenial and easy-going, it was true, but for those who had tasted power at the center, the sensations on the periphery tended to seem a bit attenuated at times. Take Brookings, for example. You had to have the purist mentality of a scholar to stay there for more than a few years. Its offices were more or less carrels, after all. And the research library with its dusty old treatises on economics, its cafeteria of the type where, at the end of the meal you pick up the tray and throw the whole remains, utensils and all, into a big plastic container, were more than a little reminiscent of life at Iowa State. Purely at the salary level, of course, there was a big pick-up if you went from Brookings middle-level into government at the deputy assistant level—from, say, $25,000 to $36,000. But there were additional perquisites of power. You could travel widely at government expense for four years, have access to chauffeur and car pool during working hours, and a large office with two secretaries in an outer room would be yours. *Wooden* furniture was available, courtesy of the General Services Administration, including an executive desk with 66-by-40-inch top dimensions (an $836 item), and perhaps a judge's rotary tilting chair (they recently went up from $234 to $380), a credenza, occasional tables, wall-to-wall carpets.

Plus the intangibles: an assured place on the social circuit, and, even better, breakfast meetings. Washington was perhaps the only city in the world where one could accrue greater status by attending a breakfast meeting than a cocktail party. In fact, it was probably the only city in the world where they *had* breakfast meetings, and where it was actually chic to work a 16-hour day. (No wonder it was necessary to rest up at places like Brookings from time to time!) And last, but not least, there was the perception—often illusory but no less heady for that—that one would be influencing the course of events in the nation.

By 1976, then, the Gentlemen-in-

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Waiting were well rested up, and they were getting restless. They were waiting on Capitol Hill, where one of the big developments in foreign policy had been the great increase in the number of foreign policy advisers attached to the Senators' staffs. During the Nixon years, the Congress had voted itself the necessary appropriations to create this alternative pool of expertise, and so now they waited, Richard Moose (in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee), Robert Hunter (on Senator Kennedy's staff), Richard Perle (on Senator Jackson's) and David Aaron (on Senator Mondale's). The new role the Hill was playing with respect to foreign policy was a problem the Gentlemen-in-Waiting would have to contend with if they were moved back into the executive branch.

They were waiting at Harvard, at the Kennedy Institute, and at the Harvard School of Government. Here Jonathan Moore and other professors were eagerly awaiting the opportunity to serve their country once again. The professoriat, it was said, would serve almost any master—it beat grading papers, after all. Perhaps, if all went according to plan, the Boston-Washington air shuttle service, discontinued in 1969, would be revived again next year; theory, airborne at last, would be put to the practical test. They were waiting in the law firms (patiently), and they were waiting in the foundations (impatiently). Enough time had been spent in the cubby holes and the carrels.

Now it was the season for the Democrats again. One had made one's pitch for prominence—in the pages of *The New Republic, Foreign Affairs, Foreign Policy*, on the editorial pages of the two papers.

Now it was time for the courtiers to find their king. Wallace was out, of course, and Henry Jackson was a serious problem, because he was threatening to enlist Daniel P. Moynihan, who was anathema to most Gentlemen-in-Waiting, as were Jackson's foreign policy advisers (the feeling was reciprocated), but almost any of the others were suitable. Udall was the big hope. Kennedy or Humphrey would be heavenly. And it was a mistake to imagine that Carter was a really serious threat. He could easily be swung toward the center, told what was what and who was who as others had been in the past.

If and when the time came, the boys from Macon and Athens and Augusta who had been working for Carter since he left the governor's mansion could be moved aside. It might even be worthwhile to include a few of them as leavening, but Carter himself would turn to the Gentlemen-in-Waiting for advice. He already had, in fact. He had already turned to exactly the same people as everyone else (among them Brzezinski, Milton Katz, Paul Nitze). "He had to," Richard Holbrooke would say, "there's no one else available." Holbrooke himself was realistic enough to know that the Gentlemen-in-Waiting were actually quite dispensable, that, as he put it, if they didn't exist, you wouldn't have to invent them, but others, such as Jimmy Carter, didn't see it this way, necessarily. Prominent advisers conferred a cachet that was much more important then the advice itself.

Carter had already come to Washington and dined at the home of Liz Stevens with Frank Mankiewicz, Holbrooke and a number of George McGovern's former advisers, and Carter had said that he needed them. Well, he was learning fast. There were rules in the foreign policy game, and it was nice to know that even an ex-governor from Georgia could so quickly learn the most basic rule of all, which was that, in the end, the king must come to the Gentlemen-in-Waiting, not vice-versa. He always had in the past, and he would this time, too. It had never failed. So in that sense Holbrooke was wrong. The Gentlemen-in-Waiting were indispensable after all, because every king needs a court and every court must have its courtiers. ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

Not Thinking Like a Lawyer

A recent newspaper story about the rapid rise in malpractice judgments against attorneys and the consequent rise in malpractice insurance premiums prompted a *Wall Street Journal* editorial writer to ask:

"Suppose that the attorneys followed the lead of doctors in Los Angeles and other parts of the country and protested the higher premiums by engaging in a work slowdown, or better yet, a strike?

"What would life be like if the great law firms and the solo practitioner stayed home, clogging the golf courses and tennis courts of America? It would be Paradise Regained. The normal intercourse of life would flow smoothly, unchecked by the law's and the lawyer's limitless capacity to complicate and tangle things. Disputes would have to be resolved by common sense and mutual trust, rather than on the basis of who could hire the fastest gun. The wheels of commerce would turn more swiftly as people without special training in obfuscation and logic-chopping made clear and understandable agreements. Individuals with disagreements would have to rely on their own capacities for reconciliation and forgiveness instead of the brutalities of specially trained gladiators. The pleasant consequences are virtually limitless, and include not having to pay huge legal fees."

Budget Fat

We recently discussed the fact that personnel costs were the principal factor in the bankruptcy of New York City. Now comes the Committee on Economic Development with a report indicating a similar fate awaits the rest of us. In the nation as a whole, the committee found that the salaries of state and local government employees increased 188 per cent in the period 1954-74 as the total number of such employees rose 152 per cent. Those figures were respectively 47 per cent and 101 per cent greater than the comparable increases in the private sector.

Four More Years

Mike Causey of *The Washington Post* reports on a phenomenon that always seems to accompany a change of the party in power:

"Pre-election jitters are affecting dozens of Nixon-era political holdovers in government. Many are quietly, but desperately, trying to make job changes that will give them civil service status, and protection, if the Democrats gain control of the White House.

"This exercise in protective coloring is not new. In the waning days of the Johnson administration, hundreds of Democratic appointees managed to bury themselves in government career ranks where they could not be found or fired by Republican headhunters anxious to clean house. . . .

"That time is here again, and the transformation from political appointee to colorless (they hope) nonpartisan, career bureaucrat is in the works throughout town.

"Perhaps the most interesting part of the politician-to-bureaucrat metamorphosis is the change in thinking it represents. Many of the political types came into government from private industry and spent hours, days and years telling anybody who would listen that the career government was an army of drones and that they—the political appointees—were working at great personal and financial sacrifice to make it better.

"Now that the prospect of giving up those $30,000-a-year-plus jobs looms, many of the same private enterprise champions are prepared to sell their birthrights to stay in government."

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Political Polling: The German Shepherd Factor

by Michael Wheeler

Pollsters have been able to insulate themselves from criticism by constructing a barricade of statistical and scientific jargon. "Cross-tabulations," "area random sampling," "flow-coding"—the language sounds so technical, so formidable that most of us are intimidated into believing we are not qualified to judge whether public opinion polling is a legitimate science.

To the same end, many pollsters affect the same pretensions assumed by faith healers, astrologers, and other quacks: it does not escape our notice that we are dealing with *Dr.* Gallup's American *Institute* of Public Opinion in *Princeton*, New Jersey. New polling firms spring up right and left, and each one seems to be called Survey Research Associates or some such name which conjures up images of white-jacketed computer technicians poring over print-outs.

If polling is a science, it is at best a crude one. Polling theory in fact is not complicated, and to understand it is to know just what polls can and cannot do. Even a public opinion poll with a perfect sample and unbiased questions has inherent limitations. When the theoretical precepts are not scrupulously applied—and they seldom are—the results become all the more shaky.

Diane Bentley* does interviewing for both Louis Harris and Pat Caddell. To follow her as she makes her rounds is to peer behind the wizard's curtain and see polling as it really is. The practice is a far cry from what the pollsters would have us believe.

Michael Wheeler teaches at the New England School of Law. This article is adapted from his book, Lies, Damn Lies and Statistics, *to be published by Liveright/W. W. Norton in June.*

*Diane's real name is not used here. A few identifying details have been changed to protect her anonymity.

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Diane began working as a poll-taker several years ago. Originally, she did it principally to get out of the house, since her children were both well along in school. Now, however, with family money tight, the pay is an important incentive, so she takes on any polling assignment she can get. Most pollsters imply they have their own special force of field workers, but in fact many interviewers like Diane work for two or more polling firms.

On a Tuesday morning in June, Diane went to a working-class section of New Haven, Connecticut, where she had to complete ten interviews. Some firms tell their interviewers to start at a certain house and work in a particular direction, but this day she was simply given a map of the neighborhood and told to begin wherever she wanted.

"If I get to choose, I like to drive around the area a bit. I look for parked cars, toys in the yard. That means that it's more likely people are around and I don't have to waste time at empty houses."

Judged by Diane's standards, none of the neighborhood looked very promising, but she managed to find a street where there were a few cars. The first house she tried was surrounded by a chain link fence. The door had two locks on it and a small decal which said the premises were protected by Lectronic Alarm Systems. The occupants, one guessed, were conservative in their politics, but no one answered the door, so whatever their views, they went unrecorded.

Next door was a rather run-down, two-family house. No one was home on one side. An older man answered Diane's knock on the other, and she was pleased, as it is harder to find men at home during the day. Her pleasure was brief, however, for the man spoke so little English that an interview was impossible. Diane tried to explain what she wanted, but her attempt left him confused and Diane embarrassed.

Diane crossed the street to talk with a woman who was hanging up her wash. Diane introduced herself,

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though with the over-sized button she wore on her blouse, that was hardly necessary. Diane's manner is naturally friendly, and three years of work as a poll-taker has polished her ability to put people at ease. Nevertheless the woman refused to be interviewed; she said she had too much house work to do before her daughter came home from kindergarten. Diane persisted, saying it was important to express one's opinion and the whole thing was strictly confidential, but the woman still said no.

In theory every person in the United States must have an equal chance of being selected in a sample if the survey is to be reasonably representative. In practice, however, certain types of people are much easier to find than others. Housewives, retired people, and the unemployed may be found at any hour, but young working people are hard to track down; and on many issues homebodies tend to have different opinions than those who are on the move.

Big Dogs and Blacks

One after-the-fact explanation for the pollsters' blunder in predicting that Dewey would win the election in 1948 was that many of their interviewers stayed out of the black neighborhoods in the Northern cities, where the vote went heavily to Truman. Most pollsters try to hire people who will feel comfortable in various kinds of neighborhoods, but problems still persist. Gallup is concerned that some urban people may become inaccessible. "As the crime situation actually gets worse in some cities, it becomes more and more a problem to send interviewers into areas where the crime rate is high. We are reluctant to do it, and so are our interviewers."

Another group that may be underrepresented is owners of German shepherd dogs. Diane's sample included one. She took one look at the dog and without hesitating walked to the next house on her list.

Many pollsters are reluctant to reveal the trouble they have getting to talk to people. When questioned on this they generally say that "people are most cooperative." If pressed, however, Louis Harris admits that upwards of 20 per cent of the people his interviewers contact refuse to talk, and this figure does not include those who are not at home.

The rate of refusal has gone up in recent years, a fact that leads some to speculate that Watergate and all its fall-out have caused people to be suspicious of anyone asking questions. Someone who says she is a pollster may actually be with the FBI or the Internal Revenue Service. Also, there are door-to-door salesmen who introduce themselves as poll-takers; people who have been taken in by this pitch may be wary of others who make the same claim. Whatever the reason, the kind of people who do not feel comfortable talking to strangers probably have different attitudes about themselves and the world they live in, yet their opinions are under-represented in public opinion polls.

Pollsters try to control the problem by hiring interviewers who will have the greatest chance of winning people's trust. The major pollsters agree the most important criterion is sex. George Gallup states, "Almost all our interviewers are women. And the same is true for other firms all over the world. Women have always been better interviewers. People are really less reluctant to talk with a woman, and women are much more conscientious."

Burns Roper says that perhaps 98 per cent of his firm's interviewers are female. "Access is the big thing. Women are superior at getting cooperation from either sex. Chivalry isn't dead—men will be more responsive to a woman than they will be to a man. And women aren't afraid of another woman, as they might be of a man coming to the door." Lou Harris similarly reports that over 90 per cent of his house-to-house interviewers are

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women.

There are other criteria for interviewers. The late Oliver Quayle candidly stated that the best ones are "not *too* intelligent so they will not get too curious and involve themselves in survey analysis." Other pollsters are more guarded on this point, for they understandably do not want to slander their own employees, but it is clear that you can be considered "over-qualified" for public opinion research.

Diane Bentley approached a woman returning from the supermarket with two large bags of groceries, who said she would be willing to talk for a little while. Diane did not mention that the survey would take more than an hour. If she had, the woman would probably have declined, as would most people.

The house-to-house surveys taken by the major pollsters are getting longer and longer. A typical Harris interview takes more than an hour. Those done by Cambridge Survey Research, Pat Caddell's firm, often last an hour and a half. Caddell's polls are usually commissioned by a single political client, but most of the other pollsters use one interview to ask questions for a number of subscribers. The Gallup surveys commonly start with questions which will be used for his newspaper column, and then go to matters which are being probed for one or more private businesses.

This practice of piggy-backing allows the pollsters to spread the costs of interviewing among several clients, but it also means that the interviews are long and ponderous. Harris questionnaires can run up to 30 pages with perhaps 200 questions. Other pollsters who do personal interviewing follow similar practices. People who are willing to be interviewed get nothing but the satisfaction of knowing their responses will fractionally affect the totals spewed out by the pollster's computer.

Diane did not know who was the principal client for the survey she was conducting, but most of the questions dealt with energy problems, which made her guess that the client was either an oil company or a public

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utility.

Diane followed the woman into the kitchen and sat down with her clipboard to conduct the interview while the woman put away her groceries. She said she just wanted "your reaction to these questions—it doesn't have to be something you would stand by." The first questions asked whether there was an energy shortage, either locally or nationally, and whether there would be one in the future. The woman hesitated. "Well, I think the gas crisis was manufactured by the companies." Diane checked the boxes that said there was no energy shortage.

Diane moved crisply through the questionnaire, politely but firmly insisting on specific answers to the questions she put. As the interview went on, however, the woman got increasingly impatient. "Everything you're asking me is yes or no, black or white. I just don't think that way." She felt trapped by a question which asked her to agree or disagree with the statement, "Since Henry Kissinger failed to make peace between Egypt and Israel, it looks as though he is losing his touch as a peacemaker."

She said she had never liked Kissinger. Were she to take the question literally, she must answer no, for she believed he never had a touch as a peacemaker. But that answer, as she could plainly see, would be taken as an endorsement of Kissinger. On the other hand, she could not bring herself to say "yes," as that implied she had until recently supported him.

Diane was pleasant but persistent. "Just answer the question as best you can. Choose whichever is the lesser of two evils." The woman still could not subscribe to either of the two offered alternatives. Diane eventually put her down as "not sure," when in fact the woman had a clear and strong opinion about Kissinger.

The question, typical of many on that survey, illustrates a serious problem common to much of public opinion polling: complex attitudes are artificially forced into neat little boxes—agree/disagree or favor/oppose. No analyst, no matter how sophisticated, could divine the woman's real views from the "not sure" recorded by Diane.

The pigeon-hole effect is the result of the polling mechanism. If the pollster sets out to report public opinion in some unified and comprehensible fashion, he must get answers which fit into categories which can be easily tallied. Open-ended questions which ask people to state their views in their own words allow each individual to express himself accurately, but the very diversity of expression which is produced necessarily means that it cannot be tabulated into neat "for" and "against" columns.

Agree/Disagree

This pigeon-holing is a fundamental weakness of public opinion polls. Even if a poll is based on perfectly constructed samples and even if the results are scrutinized by a sophisticated analyst, the results will be meaningless if the questions were simplistic.

Peter Hart, a young Washington, D. C. political pollster, is one of the few in his profession to even acknowledge the problem. "Look at the newspaper polls. All the questions are 'agree/disagree.' Well, life isn't that simple. It isn't just 'excellent, good, fair or poor.' It makes cleaner newspaper copy to make everything 'agree/disagree' but that's an awfully simple way of looking at public attitudes."

To the extent that other pollsters have felt this sort of criticism, their usual response has been simply to ask more questions, not better ones. Each individual agree/disagree question is flawed, but most pollsters think that the total value of a survey can somehow be more than the sum of its parts. Pat Caddell, for example, prides himself on the depth of his interpretation of his surveys, but his analysis can be no better than the questions he asks. If anything, Caddell's questions tend to be even more restrictive than

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those of his major rivals.

Caddell is hardly alone, however, in forcing people to choose between two positions, neither one of which they support. Consider some of the questions Diane Bentley was asking. "Would you like to see the U. S. become *totally* independent of all foreign sources of energy, or not?" You must answer yes or no. You cannot say that you are more concerned with dependence on Middle Eastern oil than with Canadian sources. Nor can you qualify your answer by saying your support of energy independence depends on how much more energy will cost when it is produced solely from domestic sources. Both those considerations would seem to be essential to any intelligent response to the question, yet the pollsters demand a simple yes or no.

A simple test for determining the meaningfulness of poll results is to read the questions to see if you would be comfortable giving agree/disagree answers. If you would not, then you must discount the results of the poll, no matter how conclusive the statistics seem.

The Ontology of the Fact

The Gallup Poll is careful to include the wording of all questions in the releases. Gallup himself says, "We regard ourselves simply as fact-finders. We publish the questions, tell how they were collected, and let the reader draw his own conclusions from the facts."

Unfortunately, not all pollsters follow this procedure. Harris usually does not supply the wording of the questions which are asked for his syndicated column, and he is sensitive about criticism that he should. "This is the big argument I have with Burns Roper and others in our field. He says that we shouldn't report a question unless we also report the wording and the tabular results. Well, all our columns are based on eight or ten questions and there is no way to get all that information in with a word limit of 800 or 850."

Harris notes that complete information about his published surveys is on file with the University of North Carolina and that his firm has always made it a practice to disclose wording or questions and other information to anybody who requests it. As helpful as that may be to serious scholars, it does little good for the average reader, who is left in the position of having to trust Harris' judgment in interpreting the meaning of his surveys.

In zeroing in on simple agree/disagree questions, the pollsters often ignore other indicators of opinion which may be much more revealing. The way a person lives may tell much about his attitudes.

The woman interviewed by Diane Bentley was unemployed. The man with whom she lived (the poll had categories only for "married" or "single") was a truck driver. There were four posters taped on her kitchen walls. Three were of pop music and television stars. The fourth poster said more about her attitude toward the energy crisis than her answers to any of the questions which Diane asked her. It showed a half-dozen greedy and bloated figures, each one representing a major oil company. Underneath, there was a caption: "Don't blame the truckers, it's these motherfuckers."

This kind of background never finds its way into polls, and as a result, the full texture and shape of public opinion goes unreported. Pollsters behave as though opinion can only be located through asking questions, often artificially narrow ones, but in fact we express ourselves in many ways. Unfortunately, these clues to our attitudes and opinions are almost always lost on the pollsters.

Diane faithfully carried out her assignment. Though the woman's interest flagged after 45 minutes, Diane kept firing off questions, carefully recording a response for each one. Not all interviewers are so diligent. The problem pollsters are least inclined to

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acknowledge is cheating by their interviewers, but it occurs fairly often.

Phony Interviews

The pollsters claim they are very careful about whom they hire and that they summarily fire anyone who fabricates data, yet the very nature of personal interviewing means the pollsters have little control over their employees in the field. Most pollsters say they routinely double-check a portion of all their interviews to be sure they were really conducted, but incidents involving both the Gallup Poll and the Harris Survey indicate this validation process is not nearly so rigorous or effective as the pollsters would like us to believe.

In 1968 *The New York Times* commissioned Gallup to do an intensive survey of attitudes of Harlem residents. The information was collected, tabulated, and submitted to the *Times* for publication. An editor was so pleased with the poll he decided to play it up by sending a reporter and a photographer to get a story about some of those who had supposedly been interviewed. At seven of the 23 addresses Gallup had given them, the newsmen could not even find a dwelling. Moreover, five other people who had allegedly been polled could not be traced—the addresses existed but apparently the people did not. Not even all the remaining interviews were legitimate. In one case the *Times* reporter learned the interviewer had talked to four people playing cards and incorporated all their answers into one interview.

When the *Times* confronted him with this fakery, Gallup ducked the responsibility for the phony interviews. He pointed out the interviews in question had been submitted by two Columbia law students who had been specially hired for the project. There was no explanation, however, why the Gallup organization had not discovered the fakes themselves.

Both before and after the incident, Gallup has repeatedly made the claim that his firm validates every interview made by new interviewers and every fourth or fifth interview done by one of their experienced employees. Obviously that was not done in this case. It was accidental that the *Times* uncovered the specious poll. Only sheer luck prevented them from printing it. Newspapers almost never double-check polls they print, but the Gallup incident suggests that perhaps they should.

The *Times* tracked down one of the special interviewers whom Gallup had tried to make a scapegoat. He claimed he had actually talked to people "in the streets," but admitted he had made up the names and addresses because he was under pressure from the Gallup organization to complete his assignment—"I was uptight to get it in."

A year later Gallup's rival Lou Harris had exactly the same problem, but Harris was more fortunate in being able to keep his client from knowing it. Harris conducted a private survey in which several questions which had been contracted for were inadvertently left out. The client insisted on getting the information it had paid for, so Harris' firm sent out a special questionnaire by mail to those people who had supposedly been interviewed. According to a person who worked for Harris at the time, 25 per cent of the questionnaires were returned as undeliverable: there were no such people or addresses. If Harris' firm had not erred by leaving several questions out of the original poll, the fabricated interviews would have slipped through.

Even the most conscientious pollsters are limited in how much they can do to check the validity of interviews. They usually only call back people to see if they were interviewed. Checking their responses is simply too difficult when 100 or more questions have been asked, and after all, the pollster may not really care if the responses are legitimate as long as they are plausible.

Albert Sindlinger is a self-styled

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maverick within the polling profession. He has all his interviewing done by telephone so that he can monitor his employees' work. He simply does not trust interviews done without supervision. "Ask the other pollsters if they ever listen to their interviewers," he says. "They can't. I have an asset, I can listen to every damn interview we make. I know that it was really done and that the questions were asked the way they were supposed to be."

Ask Me No Questions

Sindlinger says that he has occasionally hired Gallup and Harris interviewers to do his telephone canvassing, and from this experience he has a very low opinion of them. "They play the expert, but that's wrong. To do objective research, the interviewer has to be the dummy, not the other way around."

Sindlinger believes that there is a paradox which undermines personal interviewing. "If you hire somebody with any intelligence, after the tenth interview they're going to sit down and make up the other 25. If you have somebody who is too dumb to do that, they're too dumb to record people's answers." Given Gallup's experience with the Columbia Law School students in Harlem, Sindlinger may be right.

Another successful pollster, who asked not to be identified, says he knows several former Gallup and Harris interviewers who have admitted to him that they faked interviews regularly and were never caught. Like Sindlinger, he, too, now relies principally on telephone interviewing.

Most of the polling establishment, including Gallup and Harris, regards the use of the telephone as the sign of a minor-league operation, claiming it has many built-in drawbacks which make it unreliable.

It is true, for example, that in the past the rate of refusal was higher for telephone interviewing than for that done in person. Recently, however, personal interviewers have encountered an increasing number of locked doors, so now the telephone produces an equivalent level of cooperation. In large part the hostility to the telephone seems to be a legacy of the *Literary Digest* prediction that Landon would defeat Roosevelt in 1936. The *Digest's* sample was based in part on telephone books, which at the time made the sample heavily biased toward Republicans. That is no longer a real problem today. More than 90 per cent of the households in the country have listed phone numbers.

Were it not for their desire to do long interviews, more pollsters would probably use the telephone. The surveys which Harris, Caddell, and others conduct often take well over an hour to administer. It would be very difficult to get people to stay on the telephone that length of time. It is much easier to hang up a phone than to get someone out of your living room, particularly when they have been trained how to stay long after they have worn out their welcome.

Irwin Harrison, of Decision Research in Massachusetts, thinks that this is an illusory advantage. "You just don't need surveys that long. Whether it's a commercial client or a political client, they use only a fraction of the data you give them." A more limited study, he believes, can help the client understand what the real issues are, instead of being overwhelmed with page after page of computer printout.

Harrison has found that in a 15-minute telephone interview, he can ask 35 or 40 questions, which will produce more than enough information for most clients. He is also justifiably suspicious of the information which personal interviewers elicit toward the end of interviews. "People get tired talking; all they're thinking about is how they can get the interviewer out of the house without being rude."

No matter how polling is conducted, in person, by telephone or by mail, the pollsters have to take on faith that people are being honest with them. That faith may often be

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misplaced. A revealing statement recently appeared buried deep within an instruction circular the Harris firm prepared for its interviewers: "It's been brought to our attention that almost all of our surveys are showing the population to be more educated than what the census says it actually is. Nothing seems to be wrong with our samples, and there is no indication of error in recording or processing. Therefore, we feel respondents are exaggerating the amount of schooling they've had."

The language is blandly bureaucratic, but the fundamental meaning is nothing less than startling: The Harris organization admits that "in almost all" of their surveys, people have been lying to them. Other studies have confirmed that, when asked, most people will say they are somewhat better paid and more highly educated than they really are. The pollsters have responded by making minor changes in their method of asking those demographic questions. For example, Harris interviewers now hand people a card on which different levels of education are placed in numbered categories. People are apparently somewhat more honest in assigning themselves to a category than they are in stating their education outright.

Tell Me No Lies

There is other evidence that people do not always tell the truth to pollsters. In 1964 Elmo Roper discovered that a significant portion of people would not say outright they intended to vote for Barry Goldwater. When he told people to mark an ostensibly secret ballot, Goldwater invariably did four percentage points better than when they were asked directly for their preference. Goldwater ultimately did somewhat better than the pollsters had reported, even those using secret ballots, which indicates that even more people were refusing to disclose their actual feelings to the pollsters.

In a number of recent surveys for various Democrats, Pat Caddell has regularly asked people for whom they voted in 1972, Nixon or McGovern. In some states which Nixon actually won, a majority now say they voted for McGovern. Caddell says, "California was the first state in which we found this. McGovern won by an eight-point margin. We sent him a telegram saying, 'Demand a recount!' "

If people do not always tell pollsters the truth about how they voted in the past, then we must suspect what they say they are going to do in the future. In primary polls, George Wallace's strength has almost always been underestimated. People either say that they are undecided or that they are going to vote for someone else. According to Pat Caddell, the post-election studies which Yankelovich did in 1972 for *The New York Times* were unsuccessful in locating the full extent of Wallace's support. Even as people walked out of the voting booth, they still were reluctant to admit they had voted for Wallace.

If people lie to pollsters about how much money they make and are not always truthful about whom they will—or did—vote for, they also are likely to be coy about giving their true feelings on controversial issues.

Ordinarily it is difficult to measure the extent of lying that goes on in issue polling. Only the person who is answering the poll knows whether the opinion he expresses is truly his own. That people feel the need to be deceptive is of interest in and of itself, but unfortunately from the bare statistics of a public opinion poll, there is no way to tell who really believes what. The liars are lumped together with the truth-tellers.

In sum, though the theory of polling is scientifically sound, the actual practice is not. The next time you read what purports to be a scientific survey of public opinion, recall what really goes on as interviewers like Diane Bentley move from door to door. ■

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Dr. Levine's Magic Get-to-Sleep Formula

by Arthur Levine

I am a chronic insomniac. After trying all the traditional remedies, I turned to drugs for a few years. And in my long, frantic quest for a good night's sleep, I've learned the hard way what doctors, the drug industry, and health reformers have been doing to ease one of man's most ancient burdens.

A few statistics tell the story: an estimated 30 million Americans suffer from chronic insomnia, $184-million worth of prescription and non-prescription sleeping pills are sold at retail outlets, 40 million such prescriptions are filled a year, and there's an incalculable toll in drug abuse and psychological distress. Most likely, though, if you personally don't suffer from the problem, it seems as insignificant as a hangnail, and as easily solved. Thus, the public's indifference.

One factor, admittedly, is that insomniacs don't present an image of noble suffering. There's no visible damage, the causes and solutions are so diffuse. One can hardly imagine the Advertising Council launching a series of public appeals for the American Insomnia Foundation: "A bed is a terrible thing to waste. Unless you help, Art Levine will not get to sleep tonight. Please give." Insomnia lacks the *cachet* of other afflictions; there's none of the drama and suspense we have come to expect for our major health problems. There will be no *Brian's Song* for insomnia, no *Lou Gehrig Story*, no episodes of *Marcus Welby*. But what else can be expected when those who can sleep and those who can't live in two absolutely different worlds? "I have no idea what it means," a friend once told me with a smile. "It's like you come from Mars."

We alien beings are part of a secret, desperate underground that comprises a lucrative source of profit for gurus, doctors, drug companies, health food stores, hospitals, and, most of all, publishers. Hardly a week passes without some magazine or newspaper featuring a story entitled, "How to Get a Good Night's Sleep" or "How to Cure

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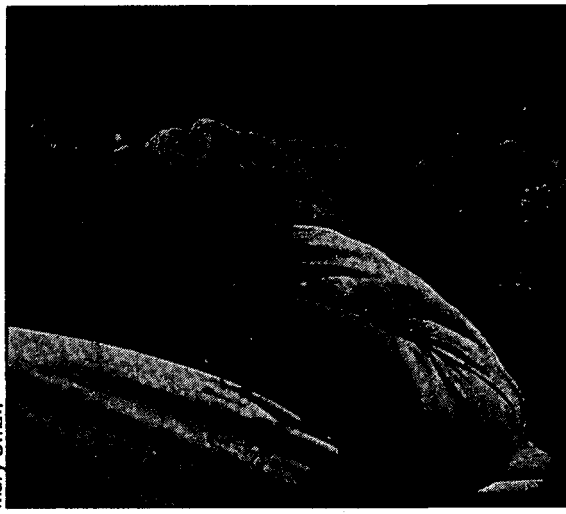
Insomnia." The articles tend to be quite similar; I know because I've read them all, usually more than once. No matter how enormous or diverse a magazine stand may be, I always manage to spot the one periodical featuring *its* inside exclusive on insomnia. Governed by some primitive instinct, I invariably stumble onto sleep articles in magazines I haven't even glanced at in years: *Ladies Home Journal*, *Popular Mechanics*, *The New Republic*. The seductive titles, barely visible to other, less-obsessed mortals, fairly leap out at me with their promise of contented slumber. I approach these articles with the same intense, furtive passion I once devoted to pornography. I zip through the article in around 30 seconds flat, but I am always disappointed.

These how-to articles are virtually interchangeable, and those in the supermarket tabloids, like *National Enquirer* and *Midnight*, alternate each week, the come-on headlines shuttling from one rag to the next, right behind Jackie O. and Cher. "Having trouble getting to sleep at night?" the article begins. "A prominent psychiatrist says that too many worries might be behind your problem." Reading further, one learns that warm milk, a hot bath and a relaxed state of mind are what's needed. When the classier publications make *their* annual bow to the insomnia market—*Psychology Today* weighed in with its entry in December—mention is made of TM, yoga, biofeedback, behavior modification, and progressive relaxation exercises. I tried those techniques, with little success. When I finally discovered something that worked, it was an approach that hadn't been reported in the press or tested by clinical researchers, and I found it without help from anyone at all.

Over the years, I had, at one time or another, taken Thorazine, Valium, Sominex, Nytol, Sleep-Eze, Nyquil, Dalmane, chloral hydrate, Librium, Quaalude, Darvon, Triavil, Seconal, Bufferin, and aspirin. At other times, I just stayed awake.



Mary Small

I first turned to drugs at the tender age of 15. One spring day, soaring gracefully over a broad-jump pit, I suddenly wrenched my back and crawled away from track practice with an agonized moan. Before you could say "orthopedic specialist," I was enmeshed in a world of x-rays, heat treatments, back braces, diagnoses, and, of course, drugs. I started taking muscle relaxants and, before bed, a handful of aspirin. To ease the back strain, I began sleeping with an enormous roll of blankets under my leg (a normal practice) and a bed-board on top of the bed (not so normal). Soon, the bed was transformed into an enemy object, best approached with fear and caution. It became increasingly difficult to fall asleep, and I learned how to forage through the wilds of the family's medicine chest, taking aspirin and cold remedies with increasing abandon. I was turning into an Over-The-Counter (OTC) junkie. At the same time, I was gradually crafting a night-time ritual of bizarre intricacy, as formal as a High Mass. A slight variation—a door ajar, too much light—and I was doomed to lie awake for hours. "Sleep is the most moronic fraternity in the world," Vladimir Nabokov once said, "with the heaviest dues and crudest rituals."

My attempts to join the fraternity were frequently thwarted. I would begin plotting my strategy for the

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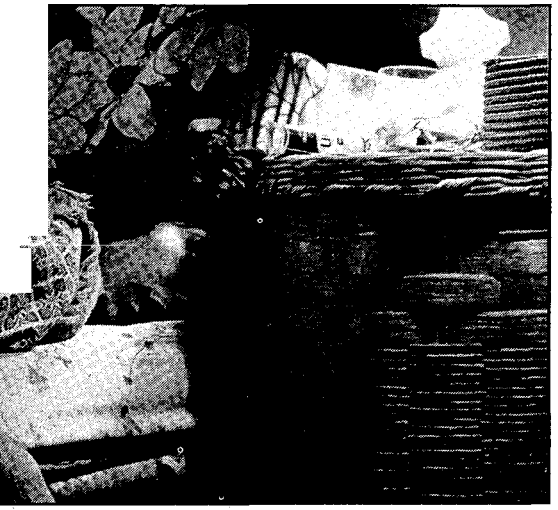

evening several hours before actually daring to lie down in my bed. Above all, I vowed to myself not to worry whether I would get to sleep. Watching TV or doing homework, the fear of insomnia was the steady counterpoint to my evening activities, a muted tom-tom beating out a message of failure. After I could put it off no longer, I'd announce, with cheerless bravado, "Well, I guess it's time to go to bed."

"Good night, son," my parents said, as I marched off to battle.

Then the preparations began in earnest, suspense mounting throughout the house. First, the traditional night-time snack of Special K and milk. Then, a scalding shower to loosen my back, followed by aspirin. As the count-down continued, I ran through some stretching exercises and carefully ticked off my mental inventory. Go to bathroom. Turn off hall lights. Go to bathroom again. Raise window slightly. Apply Ben-Gay. Turn on radio. . . .

Glancing upwards in prayer, I carefully maneuvered myself into bed. Then, with the radio softly playing, I would lie there, waiting. After a while, I would start to notice that I was thirsty, or the window was open too wide, or my back hurt. The next hour or so was spent on missions of varying importance to the bathroom or window sill, swallowing aspirin here and there. Eventually I might, or might not, fall asleep.

The ritual steadily evolved over the years, shifting only to add new drugs or gestures. The slightest challenge the next day—from tests to excursions—would leave me totally sleepless, and I moved through high school and college in a state of perpetual fatigue. Eventually the mere concept of getting up at a regular hour was enough to send me into a panic, so in college I at last had the chance to structure my days as I pleased. I never attended a morning class after my freshman year, and I never held a job with punctual hours. I became an eccentric.

The sleep problems, admittedly, weren't isolated aberrations in an otherwise perfect life. I was going through adolescence, a stage of life many of our readers may recall, and, by college, I was dutifully consulting psychiatrists for depression and anxiety. In the meantime, however, I had a life to live, and discussions of early toilet-training were remarkably ineffective in helping me get to sleep at night. So I became a vital asset to the manufacturers of OTC sleeping drugs, pills which have since been found by an FDA advisory panel to be ineffective, and, in some cases, dangerous. I can vouch for the ineffectiveness of these products, although they might be helpful for an occasional sleepless night. But the smiling, healthy country folk who assure us in nightly TV commercials that even *they* have trouble getting to sleep bear no resemblance whatsoever to real-life insomniacs. If the companies used me as a model, they would likely be plunged into bankruptcy in less than a year. If I had been the kind of person who awoke each morning to set sail for another day of lobster fishing, I doubt whether I'd have been haunting all-night drug stores in search of a bottle of Sominex. For me, the appeal of these drugs was that they could be gotten without a prescription. They were, I mistakenly believed, safer than *real* sleeping pills, which had an ugly

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aura of hard narcotics about them, that world of downers and uppers, fixes and overdoses, which is so repugnant to a nice person like myself. In fact, two of the most commonly used OTC ingredients, scopolamine and bromides, have been found to be quite toxic, and the FCA study panel urged that they be banned.

Then I turned to Valium, helpfully prescribed by the shrinks. Although it made me too drowsy for daytime use, it seemed fine for the nights, until it, too, began to pale, and I needed ever-increasing amounts to get the same effect. Later, I learned it was physically addictive, but, by then, I had already moved on to chloral hydrate. Chloral hydrate is best known as the "Mickey Finn" slipped into drinks in '30s gangster movies. After I began using it, I checked it out for safety in reference books, somehow believing that if it didn't suppress Rapid-Eye-Movement (REM) sleep or lead to fatal overdoses, taking it nightly was a perfectly sensible thing to do. Actually, like *all* sleeping pills, according to the authoritative *Medical Letter*, it can lead to physical dependence and withdrawal symptoms.

Meets Professional Conscience

My first use of the drug was illegal. I borrowed the little red gelatin capsules from my college roommate, a graduate student in biology, and I was thankful for the sleep it provided me. Later, when I felt myself becoming groggy during the day, or I watched my roommate's girl-friend hauled off to the hospital after trying to kill herself with the drug, I continued to use it, undeterred. I was desperate and, besides, the Physician's Desk Reference (PDR) had said it was safe. Long after, I learned that the PDR actually consists of nothing but the package inserts devised by drug manufacturers. Although nominally cleared by the FDA, it is simply a compilation of paid advertising purchased by the major brand-name companies. But I was in no position then to question the wisdom of something that looked so official, embossed letters and all.

It wasn't until after college, though, that I bowed to the temptation of formal sleeping pill prescriptions. As long as my drug use was haphazard, I told myself, I wouldn't become an addict. The summer after I graduated, my will crumbled under the pressure of working for Ralph Nader's Congress Project. My roommate, along with his chloral hydrate, was long gone, and I needed something to sleep. Is there a doctor in the house?

Yes, and his name was Sidney Wolfe, director of the Nader-affiliated Health Research Group. Nervous and exhausted, I casually barged into his office one day, wishing to speak to him as one consumer champion to another. It was a bad choice. As an implacable foe of the drug industry and the FDA, Wolfe is not the easiest person to bamboozle into writing a prescription. How was I to know that he had built his professional career by, among other things, denouncing the medical community for irrational overprescribing.

"Doctor," I pleaded, "I can't sleep at all." "That's too bad," he said, looking up from his hard-hitting reports. "But I'm having trouble doing my work," I continued. The fate of the public citizen's movement hung in the balance. "Can't I get a prescription for, say, chloral hydrate?"

"No."

"How about Valium?"

"No."

"Why not?" I begged. He answered, "We've done studies showing these drugs are dangerous, and I don't think you need them. My professional conscience wouldn't allow it."

"Well, what am I supposed to do? It's driving me crazy."

"Try to relax, don't work so hard," he said. "And take a nice hot bath before you go to sleep."

The summer was a nightmare of overwork and sleepless nights, and it wasn't until I was safely ensconced in graduate school at Columbia that I

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found a doctor willing to prescribe chloral hydrate. He was my psychiatrist, and I sighed with relief as he reached for his prescription pad, a dramatic gesture postponed until the end of a session. Holding aloft that piece of paper, scribbled with words of salvation, he said, "Going without sleep can be very debilitating." Debilitating! Yes, I told myself, that was the appropriate word.

Encounters Sleep Expert

For the next year, I went to the same drug store every few weeks to pick up my prescription. I became increasingly depressed, groggy, and unhealthy, but I never made the connection between the drug I was taking—safe enough for babies—and my deteriorated condition. I got to know the corner drug store with precise familiarity, and I moved through the aisles as if they were a second home, which they were. Guards and salesclerks nodded at me with recognition, the old regular back for another score. Approaching the prescription counter was an act of humble contrition. I stood before it, head bowed, prescription in hand, as the mighty pharmacists strode back and forth trading inside jokes. Below them, the weak and diseased supplicants waited at the shrine of better health, Our Lady of the Pharmacy. Occasionally, one of the pharmacists would glance at us with contempt, then laugh to himself. Finally, when my prescription was ready, a voice boomed out, "LEVINE! COME PICK UP YOUR CHLORAL HYDRATE!" I appreciated the thoughtfulness behind the public announcement; now half of Morningside Heights could know my drug habits.

As the months wore on, I made my weekly pilgrimage to my psychiatrist to discuss my ill health and depression. It was all psychosomatic, we agreed. That the drug might be a factor was never considered. But shortly before I left New York City, I discovered a new drug that seemed to be just what I needed.

I came upon it indirectly through a magazine article. In October 1973 Maggie Scarf wrote a comprehensive article on sleep clinics for *The New York Times Magazine*. One she described was in Dartmouth. After a rough night, I called up the lab's director, Dr. Peter Hauri. As I waited for him to answer, a quote from the article about a special "list of recommendations" stuck in my mind. Hauri had said, "Usually—in about 75 to 80 per cent of our cases—one of these recommendations will work well, and we'll get a cure: the person will be able to sleep much better." The article did not elaborate.

"Hello?" Dr. Hauri said in his Swiss accent. "Can I help you?" It was, I guessed, his idea of ironic understatement.

"Yes," I answered, "I'm a chronic insomniac." I quickly learned that his sleep lab was booked up for months and cost a few hundred dollars. "I can't afford that," I said, "but can you tell me about your list of recommendations?"

"No, you'll have to come up here to be checked out."

"How about a little hint?"

"No."

But Dr. Hauri did provide me with the names of other sleep experts, including one based in New York City. I called the doctor and looked forward to my appointment later in the week.

As I took the bus over to his office, I was trembling with anticipation. Here at last was the person I was seeking, a genuine *expert* in sleep, a man, who, by definition, commanded all the world's wisdom on insomnia.

I was ushered into one room to await his entrance. He finally came in, balding, pale, looking, I noticed with disappointment, a bit tired himself. "Well," he said, "what seems to be the problem?" I quickly recited my difficulties and then waited for his response.

He leaned forward with grave deliberation, as if passing along some

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ancient wisdom too powerful to be spoken aloud. "First of all, drink warm milk before you go to bed. But use powdered milk so you can double the concentration." I nodded gratefully. He continued, "Get plenty of exercise and take a nice hot bath before bed." Was there anything else? I asked.

"Yes," he said. "I'm going to give you a prescription for Dalmane."

"Is it addictive? Does it disrupt sleeping patterns?" I asked.

"No, it's very safe and mild, and it doesn't disrupt normal sleeping patterns." He paused dramatically. "It is. . . the drug of choice."

The drug of choice. The term immediately impressed me, and I sat there reflecting on its authoritative elegance. This was a man with comprehensive, up-to-date knowledge about the latest scientific breakthroughs. Dalmane was a new drug, recently developed, and here I was, a lucky recipient of advanced technology. I was through with antiquated drugs like chloral hydrate forever. The Dalmane, of course, was only a temporary measure, until I could visit a sleep clinic or solve my problem through other, never clarified, means. I felt as if a new era were beginning in my life.

Before I left the city for another job, I obtained from the sleep doctor a short letter I could show to other physicians. It read, "This is to certify that Mr. Levine was examined by me because of insomnia, and I prescribed Dalmane, 30 mgs., as a temporary expedient until he could obtain more definitive therapy. Should he need Dalmane again, it will be appropriate to prescribe a small quantity to tide him over." The letter became my passport into the land of pharmacopoeia, carried with me at all times. I still have it today. With it, I became an expert at doctor-shopping, using it to obtain my tide-over prescription until I found a doctor willing to write unlimited refills. When I did, the temporary expedient stretched into nearly a year, and my definitive therapy seemed impossible to find.

Not that I didn't try. Around the same time I made my pilgrimage to the sleep expert, I took up the practice of Transcendental Meditation. What impressed me most of all about this group was its impressive pile of scientific literature. Their booklet featured dramatic bar charts that proved the wonderful effects of meditation, a modernized version of the Charles Atlas "Before" and "After" ads. My favorite, appropriately enough, was labelled "Relief from Insomnia." On the left, a huge bar showing pre-meditation insomnia; on the right, a tiny bar testifying to the dramatic effect of a month of TM. I forked over my money as quick as I could, learned my mantra, and started meditating. It would take time, my teachers assured me, but all the wonderful results were bound to come. Each night, I would go to bed without pills and lie there waiting for the magic transformation to take hold. After nearly two years of twice-daily meditation I was still waiting. While the tanned and handsome celebrities paraded across the talk shows in praise of TM, I watched in frustration as the promise of this simple, easy technique eluded me. But I had not given up yet. There were other methods out there, and I was willing to try them all. I envisioned myself moving from one discipline to another, an exhausted wretch traveling across the landscape of salvation, trying yoga, rolfing, EST, primal screams, psychic healing, biofeedback, anything to help me sleep. I imagined myself standing in line inside a faith healer's revival tent, as the preacher pressed his hand on my brow and shouted, "LAWD! HELP THIS BOY GET TO SLEEP TONIGHT!"

After months of using Dalmane, I got depressed enough to seek counseling. I chose a flashy psychologist who favored hypnotism and psychodrama. I was familiar with the dramatic case histories of those masterful men with beards who waved pocket-watches before your eyes, whispering mesmerizing words to end your problems. The

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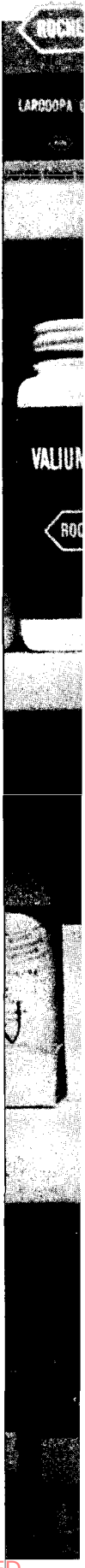
lame could walk, the deaf could hear, the blind could see. Surely, then, Art Levine could sleep. The hypnotist placed me in a trance and assured me how I would sleep peacefully that night, without drugs. I called back the next day, disappointed. "It didn't work," I said. "It takes time," he said. Out of frustration, he prepared a special tape for me that I could play at my bedside. "This is a tape made especially for Art, to help him go to sleep at night, to go into a deep, relaxed sleep," the tape began in a soothing, peaceful voice. "I'd like you to close your eyes, and as you close your eyes, you become more and more relaxed. . . . " The tape continued for half a half hour, as I lay there, listening to how drowsy I was becoming, the voice telling me that my body was becoming limp and heavy, my breathing deep and automatic. The only problem was that I was listening along to the tape as if it were a radio show, waiting for the relaxed hero on the tape to fall asleep. After a half hour I would be awake to hear the tag line, "You are now in a deep sleep, and all these suggestions are now implanted deeply, firmly, and permanently in the deepest reaches of your subconscious. . . . You will just continue in a deep, restful, healing sleep." Then I'd turn off the tape recorder and get up to fetch my sleeping pill. Later, the psychologist sent me yet another self-hypnosis tape with which I could train myself to sleep "anytime and anywhere, without the use of drugs." It involved counting backwards, and it didn't work, either.

As my depression and insomnia continued, I decided that what I needed was an anti-depressant. After hunting through a Consumers Union publication, much in the manner of a prospective buyer of TV sets or stereos, I picked out Triavil as the drug for me, convinced my general physician to prescribe it, and within a short while, I was able to sleep without using Dalmane. TM, I thought, had done its work. Actually, it was



Diana Walker

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the four-times-daily dosage of Triavil that was permitting me to sleep, as well as dulling my senses, blurring my vision, and causing me to sweat profusely. But at least I could function, and if certain things began changing in my life, a new quiet, less joking, no music, I chalked it up to the beatific inner peace of Transcendental Meditation. It was only when I wanted to give up drugs that I found out how wrong I was.

My conversion came rather suddenly. In May, out of a job, I went to Baltimore to celebrate the bacchanal horse-race known as Preakness. Along with friends, I started drinking hard liquor in the afternoon, not stopping until late at night. During the day I swallowed my Triavil, and, at night, roaring drunk, I took Dalmane and chloral hydrate to get to sleep. For a brief instant, I saw Dorothy Kilgallen's whole life pass before me.

The next day I awoke, depressed and miserable. Shaking all over, I managed to tell my friends that I needed help badly. A friend mentioned an unorthodox psychologist he knew, and I arranged to see him that afternoon. I entered his home practically on my hands and knees, stumbling my way towards his study. As it turned out, he was like some character from a Mel Brooks sketch on psychiatrists. With painted eyebrows and ill-fitting toupee that hardly disguised his 71 years, the psychologist stormed around telling me of his long string of cures. With his thick Jewish accent, he suddenly began shouting at me, "You're a complete mess! A real schmuck!" I sunk my head in shame, and asked, "What can I do?" His face reddening with anger, he screamed, "STOP USING DRUGS! THEY'RE POISON! YOU'RE KILLING YOURSELF!" For whatever combination of reasons, his tirade made a strong impression on me.

For the next few days, I stopped taking Triavil and tried to hypnotize myself to sleep. I barely slept at all, but I felt my mood lifting, and I realized how much the drugs had dulled me. It was then that I began in earnest my search for ways to sleep without drugs. I tried a behavior modification technique, leaping out of bed every 15 minutes until I was supposed to feel ready to sleep. The hours passed into days as I remained sleepless, trying my best to follow the guidelines of this thinly disguised torture. It never worked. I took to haunting bookstores, buying up books on insomnia. One book contained a list of remedies for insomniacs, and I tried every one of them, often in succession. I would start the evening with yoga postures, breathing exercises, then on to numbers, dull books, sheep, progressive relaxation, self-hypnosis. As the dawn rose and I was still lying in bed counting my breaths, I would get up and take Dalmane. I was back to drugs, but I wanted out.

Discovers Health Food

Then, one day, I picked up a copy of Adelle Davis' book, *Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit*. "A calcium deficiency often shows itself by insomnia, another form of an inability to relax," she wrote. I was riveted to the page. "Twenty years ago I discussed this subject with a physician who himself suffered from insomnia; he still calls calcium tablets 'lullaby pills' and tells me he continues to recommend them for patients annoyed by wakefullness." I learned of the calming properties of magnesium, of the importance of B-vitamins. But one anecdote clinched it for me. She described her vitamin supplement treatment for a man who had tried to give up speed, tranquilizers, and sleeping pills for 11 years. That could be me, I thought. When Davis took him off drugs, he went through withdrawal symptoms. "For two days there was no noticeable improvement except that he slept well for the first time since stopping drugs. . . . By the fifth day all depression was gone, he looked like a new person, and he walked vigorously for three miles without tiring."

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The next day, I nearly broke down the door getting into my neighborhood health food store. At home that night, I tried 1,000 mgs. of calcium and half as much magnesium, the same amounts Davis had used for her drug addicts. I fell asleep without drugs. I only slept four hours, but I was exhilarated. It was safe and natural, and I had made a beginning.

Excited by my discovery, I turned to the professional scientists to learn what work they had done on this method. I was worried that if it had worked for me, then it probably was unsafe. Surely, the researchers had tested this approach, and for some reason, reporters just hadn't picked up on it. Davis, after all, had published her best-selling book in 1954, and naturally researchers must have been seeking non-drug treatments for insomniacs.

I called up the senior researcher at the National Institutes of Health (NIH) sleep laboratory, Dr. Christian Gillin. I introduced myself and said, "I'd like to know if you've done any tests on calcium and magnesium supplements. I was using drugs for a few years, and I found it very effective."

"Gee, that's funny, I never heard of that. Where'd you get that from?"

"Adelle Davis."

"That's very interesting. Can you give me the citations?" So there I was, telling one of the country's leading experts on insomnia about a nutritional approach that was over two decades old. I read the citations to him over the phone. They did not sound impressive: "Nature's Own Tranquilizer, p. 170," or "Personal Rewards of Good Nutrition, p. 234."

"I'll look into it when I get a chance," he promised.

There was no need to rush. After all, he wasn't the one with chronic insomnia. Then I learned that this indifference ran through virtually a whole range of professionals. Those of us with the problem had to scramble around searching for an alternative to drugs. Yet those alternatives are hardly explored by the research community, nor are they included in the agenda of reforms demanded by critics of the drug industry.

There are 200 brands of sleeping pills on the market now, and there's research under way for 39 more. Yet all these drugs pose grave dangers, and with barbituates, there are thousands of accidental and deliberate overdoses each year. The withdrawal from barbituate addiction is more hazardous than that for heroin. Yet even after years of publicity, barbituates account for nearly 40 per cent of all prescribed sleeping pills. A non-barbituate like Dalmane, the drug hailed by my sleep expert in New York, suppresses REM sleep after prolonged use, as well as destroying the deep sleep stage. Introduced in 1970 by Hoffman-La Roche Company, the Swiss-based firm that made Valium and Librium the leading minor tranquilizers, the drug has since become the top-selling hypnotic, and the 21st most-prescribed drug.

Tracks Down Amino Acid

But the concern of the drug industry is best reflected in its response to the research into L-tryptophane. This amino acid was brought to public attention last fall, in a front-page article in *The Washington Post* headlined, "DOCTORS CITE CHEMICAL AS AID TO SLEEP." The article reported that researchers had discovered a natural, safe amino acid that provided insomniacs with more restful sleep than drugs now being prescribed. Preliminary tests indicated that, unlike sleeping pills, L-tryptophane is non-addictive and doesn't disrupt normal sleep patterns. The researcher who made the announcement, Dr. Althea Wagman of the Maryland Psychiatric Institute, told reporters that the amino acid would be commercially available in around a year.

A year was much too long to wait; I needed the stuff now because calcium, while the best thing I'd found yet, still wasn't always effective. The

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day after the story appeared in the *Post*, Dr. Wagman put me in touch with her supplier, the researcher who had been running studies of the substance since the mid-1960s. In my guise as a reporter, I coolly refrained from begging for the product until near the end of our conversation. When I spoke to Dr. Ernest Hartmann, director of Boston State Hospital's sleep lab, he told me, "There hasn't been any commercial interest in it. A few companies have contacted me over the years, but I think they were just checking up on my scientific progress." Research on the amino acid has been published in a number of prestigious journals, including the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Yet Hartmann's FDA research permit doesn't have any corporate sponsorship, which is extremely rare for new drug studies. Before sending me copies of his papers, he gave me a few leads on tracking down supplies of the amino acid. He gets his supply from Britain, where it is marketed as an anti-depressant. There are legal barriers to a layman obtaining overseas shipments, and, eventually, I found a company in New York willing to supply it, but only in expensive kilogram lots of powder. In that form, it was totally useless to me.

The company, as a sop, sent me down two five-gram sample packages, and by carefully following the procedures used by Hartmann in one of his published tests, I managed to swallow some of the bitter-tasting powder. So at two a.m., the country's leading amateur sleep researcher was standing in his blue bathrobe in his kitchen, mixing the powder into applesauce. It worked, but my supply was soon exhausted. I began to wonder about the insanity of a system that forced me to go to such lengths to get to sleep without drugs, while I could walk down to the nearest corner and buy enough sleeping pills to kill myself.

The reason, of course, is money. And here we shift from the comic absurdity of my own struggle to a heavier matter—the economics of the U. S. prescription drug industry. The pharmaceutical industry had domestic sales of $7 billion in 1974-75, and spent $950 million for research. It spends at least $1 billion a year on promotion. While the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association (PMA) announces in its public service ads, "If a new medicine can help, we're working on it," in fact the reality of research is far different. An HEW task force on prescription drugs found that an overwhelming majority of new drugs are actually slight variations of already existing chemicals, developed for the sole purpose of obtaining a patent. The patent is a 17-year protection period that allows a company to market the drug without competition and hopefully establish it as the permanent leader in a certain therapeutic category.

Dreams of Revenge

Into this system comes L-tryptophane, a harmless substance which can't be patented, so it's useless to profit-oriented companies. The profitability of the drug industry is perhaps epitomized by the success of the Hoffman-La Roche company, the Swiss-based firm, which *Fortune* admiringly profiled as "one of the most profitable enterprises on earth." Each share of stock is priced at roughly $55,000, and its cash position is so secure that banks and industries borrow from *it*. Although clouded in secrecy, 1970 sales were revealed to be almost $1.2 billion, with 40 per cent of it coming from its American subsidiary. The key to its success is anxiety, depression, and insomnia. Without these ailments, the company would be in serious trouble. So the public affairs director was hardly eager to tell me about its interest in L-tryptophane, nor did he allow me to interview the company's research director. In a letter, Alfred Zobel wouldn't tell me whether they were interested in the amino acid, but he did say, "Our researchers come across

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far more leads than their limited manpower permits them to follow."

So on that Sunday morning when I read in the *Post* that L-tryptophane would be commercially available in a year, I was bound to be disappointed. The trade journals carried no news of the research announcement, and the PMA's public affair director told me I was the only reporter interested in checking into the drug companies' reactions.

It was, my editor said, something Morton Mintz would be sure to do. In fact, although Mintz, reporter for *The Washington Post*, has played an invaluable role as watchdog of the FDA and drug industries, neither he nor the other critics seem willing to broaden their scrutiny to include an emphasis on non-drug alternatives. Why aren't the drug companies trying to follow up on Hartmann's preliminary research? Why doesn't NIH devote more attention to alternative therapies? These are questions that should be raised, but too often aren't.

The ones who should be asking these questions are themselves too distanced from drug-takers to bother with the more important question of how people can learn to live without mood-altering drugs. That's not as fashionable—or easy—as nailing the FDA and the corporations, but, after all, the liberal critics aren't personally bothered by the kind of intense anxiety and depression that keeps the coffers of drug companies filled.

Dr. Sidney Wolfe, director of the Health Research Group, can glibly say, "Drugs are the last thing in the world you should take. You can exercise, take hot baths, do TM. But the doctor isn't willing to take the time to examine the underlying causes, and it's much simpler to hand out sleeping pills." Wolfe sleeps well at night. Ben Gordon, the staff economist of Senator Gaylord Nelson's subcommittee on monopoly, a man who had focused public attention on industry abuses, simply urges those with sleeping problems to "go see a doctor." "I don't have any trouble falling asleep," he says. "I once had to take a pill after surgery, but I'll never do it again." John Pekkanen, author of the investigative book *The American Connection*, admits to using Valium occasionally for hypertension, although he attacks it sharply in his book. But he doesn't use pills for sleeping.

Moreover, in their reluctance to raise the issue of non-drug therapies, these respected critics are abandoning the field to the medical community and pharmaceutical industry, which are already too committed to traditional—and usually drug—solutions.

Worse, the reformers seem to share a simple Puritan disdain for those who feel compelled to take drugs. ("I don't believe in taking drugs," says Morton Mintz. "It's abhorrent to me.") "There is a feeling among critics," admits Pekkanen, "that people who take drugs are weak." Somehow this hostility to drugs produces an indifference to drug alternatives equally as pronounced in these reformers as it is in the drug compaines and government research centers.

So, in my case, I sometimes have this bitter fantasy that all the researchers, doctors, and reformers suddenly start thrashing about in their beds in a sleepless frenzy. And, after a few miserable weeks, they turn in desperation to Dr. Levine's Magic Sleep Clinic, conveniently located in a Washington suburb near the FDA and NIH buildings. One by one, they come before me, seeking advice on how to sleep without drugs. "Sleeping pills are abhorrent to me," says a bleary-eyed Morton Mintz, falling behind his deadlines. A pale-faced, unshaven Sidney Wolfe, too shaky to testify before congressional committees, notes sadly, "Drugs are the last thing in the world you should take." In fatigue-laden voices, they ask, "What should I do?"

From behind my enormous oak desk, I look down at my patients with concern. I pause for a moment. "Drink warm milk and take a nice hot bath before you go to bed," I say helpfully. Then I smile. ■

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political book notes

The American Economy: Income, Wealth, and Want. Stanley Lebergott. Princeton, $6.95. Lebergott argues that the reason there is poverty in America is that "few Americans really want to end poverty." If they did, the technical problem of redistributing income would be a fairly straightforward matter. Thus the paradox of this book: If the problem of income distribution is political—not economic—then well-fashioned economic analyses like Lebergott's miss the point.

The Awareness Trap: Self-Absorption Instead of Social Change. Edwin M. Schur. Quadrangle/New York Times, $7.95.

Canada and the United States: Transnational and Transgovernmental Relations. Annette Baker Fox, et al., eds. Columbia, $22.50/$6.95.

The Coming Breakpoint. Barry Goldwater. Macmillan, $8.95. The "breakpoint" is "a place in time where the taxpayer's ability to withstand the load of unlimited government largesse finally gives way." It is coming, Senator Goldwater feels, "at blinding speed." If it is not soon stopped, "we could see our Republic collapse and our democracy smother to death under a mountain of government debt, regulation, and red tape." Unlike Goldwater's previous works, which seemed to have been incubated in a far-right field, this attack on the government bureaucracy deals with a subject on the minds of conservatives and liberals alike. It also contains somewhat less than the Senator's usual quota of exaggerations and oversimplifications.

C'nelia. An Intimate Self Portrait. Cornelia Wallace. A. J. Holman, $7.95. Cornelia Wallace, who married Governor George Wallace some 16 months before he was shot in Maryland, tells us a lot about Wallace's medical problems in this book, and less about herself and her family. This is a pity, because she is an interesting and intelligent woman, and her family (her uncle was former Alabama Governor "Kissin' Jim" Folsom), was one of the more remarkable in the annals of southern politics. But still, this is a worthwhile memoir.

The Democrats: The Years after FDR. Herbert S. Parmet. Macmillan, $12.95.

Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy. James MacGregor Burns. Norton, $11.95. An obsequious piece of work that adds little to our understanding of Kennedy and absolutely nothing to Burns' standing as a scholar. The quantity of original information and insight is modest, to say the least. The biographical sections seem mainly an excuse for Burns' speculations on what Teddy's presidency will be like. (The answer is, just great.)

Evil and World Order. William Irwin Thompson. Harper & Row, $7.95.

The George Wallace Myth. Michael Dorman. Bantam, $1.75.

Giai Phong! The Fall and Liberation of Saigon. Tiziano Terzani. St. Martin's, $10. After so many years of war, the fall of Saigon left most Americans with a sense of sadness and remorse. For the author of this account (*Der Spiegel*'s Southeast Asian cor-

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Public affairs books to be published in April.

respondent), it was reason for exuberance: the just conclusion to a just war of liberation. It is probably too soon for American readers to join in the rejoicing, but a good book nonetheless.

Heroes. Joe McGinniss. Viking, $7.95. The author writes so well that his book is consistently readable, even though he has nothing to say, which is particularly unfortunate, since his subject, the disappearance of heroes, is potentially rich.

The Home of Man. Barbara Ward. Norton, $8.95/$3.95.

How Cities Are Saved. Herbert R. Lottman. Universe, $12.50.

Humanomics: How We Can Make the Economy Serve Us—Not Destroy Us. Eugen Loebl. Random House, $6.95. This is a pleasant enough book of political economy, arguing that what we need is a middle road between capitalism and socialism—and a "humanomics" to help us manage such a system. Unfortunately, Loebl offers no serious economic analysis and instead asserts, repeatedly, the soundness of such a course. If wishes were horses, economists would ride.

Instead of Education: Ways to Help People Do Things Better. John Holt. Dutton, $8.95.

Interview with History. Oriana Fallaci. Liveright, $10.95.

Let Our Children Go! Ted Patrick. Dutton, $7.95.

Lindbergh. Leonard Mosley. Doubleday, $12.95. A rather unflattering portrait of this curious man, who was, in a sense, the first media superstar. As has happened so often since, the continual publicity and attention ended up destroying him.

Losing Ground: Environmental Stress and World Food Prospects. Erik P. Eckholm, Norton, $7.95.

Political Campaign Management
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Madam Secretary: Frances Perkins. George Martin. Harper & Row, $6.95.

The My Lai Massacre and Its Cover-Up: Beyond the Reach of Law? Joseph Goldstein, Burke Marshall, Jack Schwartz. Free Press, $10.95/$2.95. Both the Army's liberal critics and its conservative defenders should ponder the paradox that the Army was smart/good enough to make Peers a lieutenant general and to authorize his report but dumb/bad enough to deny Peers further promotion because he had told the truth. The report is one of the more important documents of our time and should be studied by everyone who wants to understand a cover-up more typical of the bureaucratic mind than Watergate.

The 103rd Ballot: Democrats and Disaster in Madison Square Garden. Robert K. Murray. Harper & Row, $10.95.

Outer Space and Inner Sanctums: Government, Business and Satellite Communication. Michael Kinsley. John Wiley, $11.50.

The Papers of Adlai Stevenson, Vol. VI: Toward a New America 1955-1957. Walter Johnson et al. Little, Brown, $20.

The President Makers: From Mark Hanna to Joseph P. Kennedy. Francis Russell. Little, Brown, $12.50.

Public Education. Lawrence A. Cremin. Basic, $7.95.

Pursuing the American Dream: White Ethnics and the New Populism. Richard J. Krickus. Indiana, $12.50.

St. Patrick's Day with Mayor Daley: And Other Things Too Good To Miss. Eugene Kennedy. Continuum/Seabury, $8.95.

Tides of Power: Conversations on the American Constitution between Bob Eckhardt and Charles L. Black, Jr. Yale. The authors grew up together in Texas, but then followed different paths—Eckhardt to Congress, Black to the faculty of Yale Law School. Their discussion rambles, as does most conversation between friends, but it is enriched by their different perspectives growing out of a shared past and a shared devotion to constitutional government.

The Year the Big Apple Went Bust. Fred Ferretti. Putnam, $10.

Years of Infamy: The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps. Michi Weglyn. Morrow, $10.95.

Consumption without satisfaction

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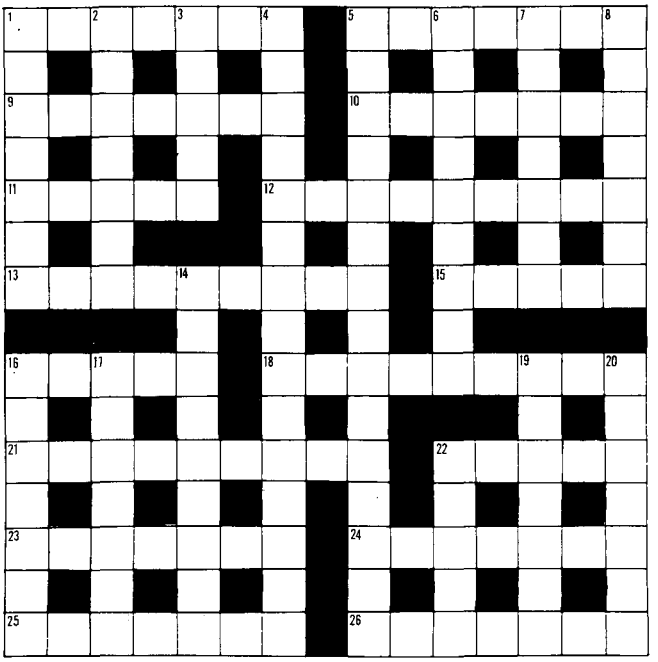
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



Across

1.&5. I worry perky man may be confused for crucial election. (3,4,7)
9. It's dignified to put London gallery in tricky surroundings. (7)
10. Disorganized idea in railroads for Oakland group. (7)
11. Controls in a moment of rare insight. (5)
12. When year stamp is settled, he disburses. (9)
13. A cool romp can make an early traveller. (5,4)
15. Upset, I won't be split. (2,3)
16. Make a stick man use water. (5)
18. Wild raving to a guide. (9)
21. He is a fine person to arrange to entangle the first of March. (9)
22. News story about specific candidate? (5)
23. Not a front runner in Grand National's Orange Cup Race. (4-3)
24. Bribe I'm arranging for an alchoholic. (7)
25. Displays sexes around the post office. (7)
26. Special beginning reruns can be arranged for attendants. (7)

Down

1. Most run helter-skelter for quack cure. (7)
2. A rewire product is not as fresh. (7)
3. It starts from a mess of peons. (5)
4. Lock dates for new cabinet members? (4,11)
5. Soup first, for example, in Kansas City this year? (5,10)
6. Giant—I'm it arranged to look like one. (9)
7. Taped arrangement at the end to look proficient. (5,2)
8. An answer which is not an answer. (3-2-2)
14. Rules tyranically an organization of rod-lovers. (9)
16. Lions v. Tigers in Superbowl? (4,3)
17. Gets ready to use punt gone astray. (5,2)
19. Complications from blue rot. (7)
20. Accounts about doors? (7)
22. Bores, becomes serious. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 20.

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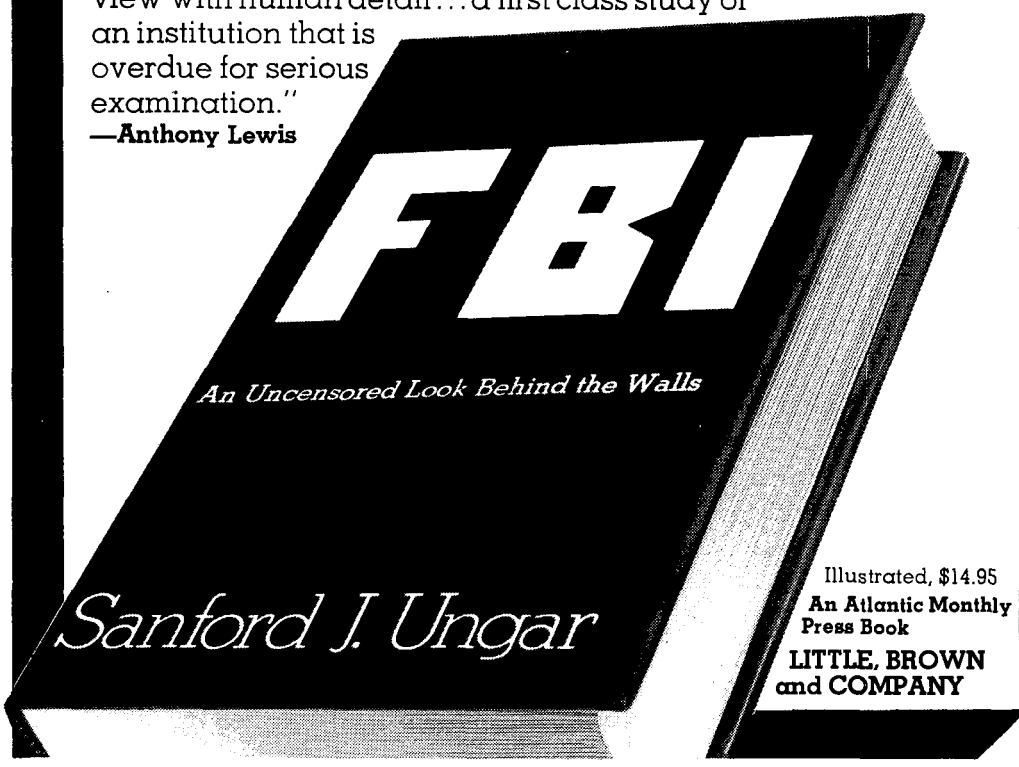

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